TRAVEL *in the* TWO LAST CENTURIES *of* THREE GENERATIONS

S. R. ROGET

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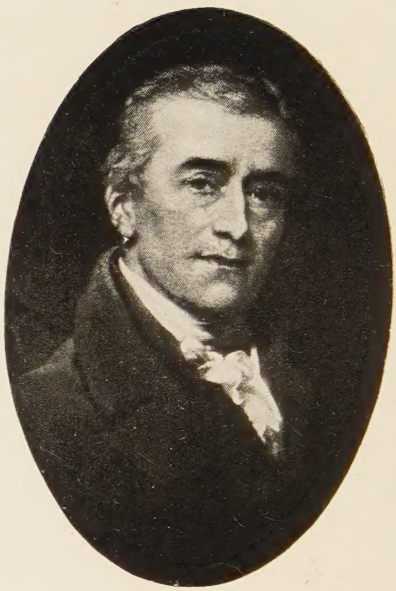
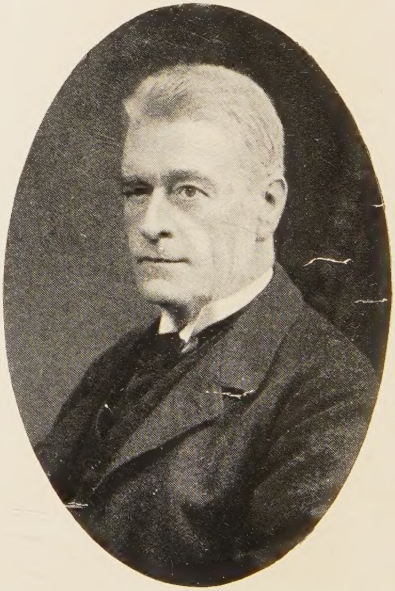
TRAVEL IN THE TWO LAST CENTURIES OF THREE GENERATIONS

PETER ROMILLY.
(1712–84)



SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.
(1757–1818)

PETER MARK ROGET.
(1779–1869.)



JOHN LEWIS ROGET.
(1828–1908.)

Frontispiece.

TRAVEL IN THE TWO LAST CENTURIES OF THREE GENERATIONS

Edited by S. R. ROGET, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

TRAVELLING on the Continent and in this country, apart from its temporary dislocation by the war, is a matter of ease, convenience and speed nowadays, and it is interesting to look back upon the conditions under which our grandfathers made their journeys, and the way in which their travelling experiences reflected the historical situation of the times. Crossing the Channel in the days of the sailing ship was no light matter, and the stage coach was a very different means of travel from the railway carriage and the motor-car of to-day.

The editor has the good fortune to possess, among family papers, several records of journeys in England and abroad undertaken by his parents, grandparents and great-grandparents, and ventures to put some selections of them forward in these pages as glimpses of the altering travel conditions from the period before to the latter part of the nineteenth century, and as interesting sidelights on European history during these changing times. Some of the journeys are peaceful and uneventful, but one nearly ended in disaster. All are true contemporary records by members of the same family ;

none were written with the idea of publication and no attempt has been made to improve upon them, although a little condensation has been made, and, here and there, historical notes have been added. The opportunity has also been taken of including a few contemporary illustrations partly from the pen and pencil of the editor's father. It has not been the object to present examples of every successive form of travel nor to compete in interest with accounts of more extended or more exciting voyages. The editor's desire has been simply to uncover to his friend the reader some pictures that he happens to have, with the invitation, "Come and look if you can spare a few minutes."

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TRAVEL IN THE TWO LAST CENTURIES

CHAPTER I

1779-83 : JOURNEYS TO AND FROM SWITZERLAND

BEFORE plunging into the accounts of travels by the three past generations, which it is the main purpose of this volume to reproduce, a few words may be given to explain who were the actors in the first scenes which we are about to recall. The first journey to which we shall refer was made by the present editor's great-grandfather, Rev. Jean Roget, and his wife, Mrs. Catherine Roget, from England to Geneva in 1779.

It should be remarked that this Jean Roget, who was born in 1751 of a Genevese family of Huguenot origin, came first to England as a Minister at a French Protestant church in London. He married (in 1778) the daughter of a member of his congregation, Miss Catherine Romilly, whose father, Peter Romilly (1712–84), was a jeweller, also of Huguenot descent, living in Marylebone. Catherine Romilly, who was born in 1755, was

the sister of the famous Sir Samuel Romilly (1757–1818). Portraits of Sir Samuel Romilly and his father are included in the collection forming our frontispiece, but unfortunately no portrait of either Jean Roget or Catherine Roget is available.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the history of the distinguished family of Romilly, to which many able pens[1] have done tribute, but it should be pointed out that Mrs. Catherine Roget was descended on both sides from Huguenot families, for her mother was a member of the family of Garnault, also French Protestant refugees (coming originally from Châtellerault in Poitou).

The Romillys established themselves in England at their first migration from France, but the Rogets transferred their home to Geneva. Jean Roget was the first to take up residence in England, but this country was not his home for long, for a few months after the birth of his son Peter Mark Roget (January 18, 1779) ill health caused him to seek once more his native land, whither he made the painful journey later

[1] In addition to *The Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly* (written by himself, edited by his sons, and published in 1840), attention should be called to a charming Life of Romilly by Sir William Collins and some interesting Romilly Notes by Mr. Henry Wagner, both in vol. viii (No. 4) of the *Proceedings of the Huguenot Society of London*, and a pedigree of the Garnault family in vol. xi (No. 1) of the same publication. More recently a Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, by C. M. Atkinson and J. E. Mitchell, has been published.

in that year to which we refer in more detail below. The infant son, who was left behind with his grandparents, was destined to become well known to many as the originator of Roget's *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases* and as a versatile author of scientific papers. Jean Roget's increasing illness caused him to resign his ministry in 1781. He was not long to be spared, for at the early age of thirty-two, yet in the prime of an intellectual vigour of no ordinary calibre, he left his devoted wife a widow with two young children. During this period he continued to be an earnest thinker on political and social matters, and such topics provided much of the subject-matter of a correspondence between him and his brother-in-law, Samuel Romilly. Part of this is published in the first volume of *The Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly*, while a collection of some of Roget's letters to Romilly has been published in the original French (edited by Professor F. F. Roget of Geneva) under the title of *Les Affaires de Genève* 1780–1783, *Lettres de Jean Roget, Ministre de l'Eglise de Genève.* In these letters and others which passed between these two and Etienne Dumont, who was a close friend of both, was elaborated much of the liberal thought of the time regarding the relations between England and her American colonies and the times preceding the French Revolution. Roget's letters contain a full account

of the events in Geneva which led up to the local revolution which occurred there in 1782, and may be regarded in some ways as a small precursor of the great Revolution yet to come in France. The correspondence also shows the strong influence which Jean Roget exercised over the formation of the character of Sir Samuel Romilly.

A few of the letters written during Jean Roget's journey back to his native country in 1779 in search of renewed health are still preserved. From Dover, just before the ordeal of crossing the Channel in one of the primitive sailing packets of those days, Mrs. Roget writes to her father as follows :—

"I have the happiness to inform my dear father that we are safely arrived at Dover, where we have just breakfasted. *Notre cher Malade* is very much fatigued, so much so, that I have advised him to go to bed, as the Packet Boat (after all our hurry) sets off but to-morrow morning. It may perhaps be better, as I hope Roget will be able to recover in some measure from his fatigue. *Bon Dieu, quelle triste soirée nous avons passée hier.* After my brothers left us, we dragged on with tired horses as far as Canterbury, where we did not arrive till almost twelve o'clock at night; poor Roget exceedingly tired, and to add to our misfortunes arrived at an Inn filled with the Military Gentlemen, a fresh painted house,

no fire, no chairs, no supper. We stayed by the kitchen fire till our beds were ready; and glad we were to embrace our pillows. Called at half-past five (not waked, for the noise and confusion prevented our sleeping). Really they have no soul of compassion. For all our hurry, it has come to sleeping here a day when we might have made our journey quite agreeable. I write this while I flatter myself *mon cher époux* is enjoying a little sleep. You must not expect, my dear father, any account of the places I go through, as I never leave him, and till he gets better mean to be his constant companion. . . . Next letter I hope will bring you good news of our passage. I expect a very uncomfortable voyage, as I shall be uneasy lest the sea-sickness should be productive of bringing on his complaint. Really, I pray heartily I may be monstrous sick, that I may lose all feeling and compassion (for an unquiet mind is the worst of maladies). I believe it is the very first time I ever wished to be void of all tenderness for those I love. Our two companions are very agreeable men; one is going to Orbe, the other to Geneva . . . they are both Englishmen and know very little French. I have promised to be their interpreter. It is really farce, when I speak so miserably myself. You will excuse if I am shorter in my epistles from Calais, etc., as I don't wish to have so good an opportunity to write again, for this is delaying our journey of a whole day.

These *bêtes* here have demanded five shillings each passenger, with an excuse that it is customary to give with the *past Port* (*sic*). I expect many of these kind of tricks before we leave Calais. . . . The packet-boat is to set off tomorrow morning. I am myself very well in health, and in Dover as in London and every quarter of the world your dutiful affectionate daughter C. Roget."

We have no account of the details of the crossing, for the next letter that is preserved is dated from Aire on June 7th. It is given almost in full below :—

" I write to you as often as I can, my dear father, as I know you must wish much to hear how we go on. We do not mend apace, but hope Roget is not worse for our journey so far, yet I am often very uneasy . . . and it is a long way to Geneva. We are but little advanced through the carelessness of Mons. Comte, who with trifling excuses detained us at Calais all day yesterday. We are little content with him as (*par bonheur*, it was not our coach) he put such horses in the *voiture* that ran away, threw the driver and much frightened the poor lady ; indeed the whole morning was disagreeable, for they were obliged to walk aside the horses, they went so bad. Yet (what I did not expect) we are at last arrived at Aire. We dined at St. Omer, a pretty neat town. I went to see one of the churches,

We are not to go to Lisle, as was first proposed, but are to cut across a shorter route. On that condition, I do not regret not seeing much of Lisle. You must think, my dear father, situated as I am, what a desire I have to arrive at our journey's end. . . . Our table since we are in France is elegant, two courses and a dessert, excellent soup and *bouillie*, but miss the good bread and beer in England. Supper is ready. My dear father will permit me to wish him *bon soir*, as I am very tired. . . . From your affectionate daughter Cath. Roget."

She was, however, doomed to be sadly disappointed, for in great grief she wrote next from St. Dezier, on June 14th, in these words :—

" Many are the unhappy moments I have passed since I wrote to you last, my dear father. Roget has been exceedingly ill . . . yet we have not stopped in our journey, though every night I thought it would be impossible to go on in the morning. Judge then of the uneasiness and anxiety I go through. Heaven protect us to the end of our journey, which I think never can arrive fast enough. I should not have had spirits to have wrote thus, were it not for the kind consolation I have received from the surgeon who has just bled Roget. He assures me the journey is of service to him. . . . But to be sick on a

journey is a melancholy situation; it is seldom you can find half you wish for, then the continual fear that perhaps you may be left here without friend, without advice; what have I not suffered from those unhappy thoughts which have haunted my mind since our leaving of Calais. I shall love Geneva to my heart if it restores him his health again. I endeavour to cast off all dull thoughts, at least in appearance. It is unfortunate that there is no woman of our party, for I do not call that melancholy lady one; she scarcely lives, and three words is more than in general she favours us with. I at first pitied her and tried every means to induce her to talk, but all in vain. Our two gentlemen, young and merry, at first pleased much. I myself (thinking Roget much better) was in tolerable spirits, now their laughing displeases me. The good Doctor has just entered again; he has advised Roget to rest a day. All the company has willingly consented that we set off not till Wednesday. . . . Your affectionate Dutiful children CATH. & J. ROGET."

The letter finally announcing their arrival at Geneva has not come down to us; but another letter of June 25th (1779) begins in a less melancholy vein, as follows :—

"Dear and honor'd Father, I wish to repair the many scrawls of bad news I have sent you by informing you Roget is something better."

This letter also contains the following passage :—

"I believe I did not tell you in my last that the evening we arrived the whole city was in confusion, as there was a great fire in the town near the hospital. It is the custom here on such occasions that every private gentleman, etc., arm themselves, to keep the populace off, that none may be near the place but those that can be of service to extinguish the flames. The gates are immediately shut, and they, very fortunately for us, were ordered to be opened about a minute before we arrived, otherwise, ill as Roget was, we must have waited till the fire was put out. There were a great many carts, coaches, etc., waiting; the town was like a fair on our entrance."

There is no need to follow the movements of the Rogets further in detail. They took up their residence later in Lausanne, which remained their headquarters until Jean Roget's death. In the meantime it was realized that there was no prospect of an early return to England, and on June 16, 1781, Samuel Romilly set out for Switzerland to bring the infant child Peter Mark to his parents. In his *Memoirs*, Romilly writes of this journey as follows :—

"My most affectionate father had grown dotingly fond of his little grandson, and though he would reluctantly resign him into the hand of my poor

sister, who, in a foreign country, and with a sick husband, stood in need of such a consolation, yet he would not consent to commit his little charge to the care only of strangers or of a servant for so long a journey. I offered, therefore, to convey him, and to deliver him into the hands of his parents; and this offer was very thankfully on all sides accepted.

His nursery maid was of course to go with him, and as the best mode of conveyance for such a party, and the most economical, we put ourselves under the care of one of those Swiss *voituriers*, who were at that time in the habit of convoying parties of six or eight persons to any part of Switzerland. Our party consisted of seven: a Mr. Bird, who was going to Turin; a Mr. Barde, a Genevese; a young man of the name of Broughton; a little effeminate Englishman whose name I do not recollect; the nursery maid; the child and myself. It was a time of war, and we were therefore obliged to pass through the Low Countries; and as is necessary with this mode of travelling, which is performed with the same horses, we made short and easy journeys of not more than thirty or forty miles a day, which gave us an opportunity of seeing all the objects of curiosity that lay upon the road. . . . I shall never forget the impression I received on first landing at Ostend; and afterwards, upon entering the magnificent city of Ghent; every human creature, every building, every object of superstition, almost everything

I beheld, attracted my notice and excited my curiosity.

We pursued our course through Brussels, Namur, Longwy, Metz, Nancy, Plombières and Besançon to Lausanne, where I safely delivered their little boy to Roget and my sister."

The following extracts from a letter written at Ostend give a further picture of the journey. (This letter has not previously been published.)

" I am just arrived, my dear sister, at this place with your dear little boy, who is in perfect health and in excellent spirits. He is quite delighted with his journey; he plays till he is tired and then sleeps for two or three hours together upon the road. Of all the passengers, he was the only one who was not sick upon our little voyage and the only one who could sleep well. His sleep was quite as sound the whole night as if he had been on shore. It is happy it was, for we had a tedious passage of twenty-six hours. . . . The weather is exceedingly hot, and though I slept on board the packet-boat less than all the other passengers, I am sitting writing to you in my usual dress, though my three male *compagnons de voyage* are all stretched upon beds round me without their coats and waistcoats. Our manner of travelling is the most agreeable that can be imagined. We have two English postchaises, in one of which are my three companions mentioned before, and in

the other Peter, myself and Bell " (the nursemaid). " . . . As yet it is uncertain whether we shall go through Brussels, Basel and Berne, or through Besançon, or else through Lisle and Rheims." (The actual route adopted is given above.)

" Don't be surprised that my letter is so greasy. As I was writing it at the window a sudden breeze took it and carried it into the street, and a little dirty boy, taking it, I suppose, to contain matters of great importance to the Emperor his Master, seized it and, in spite of all the signs I could make, ran away with it. I pursued him down two streets into his house, where he gave it to his father, a soldier, from whom I fortunately rescued it.

June 20th.—We still remain at this place waiting for our baggage, which we could not get out of the packet-boat last night because the tide was gone out."

Romilly's return journey was made via Lyons and Paris. On the way a visit was paid to the Monastery of the Grand Chartreuse near Grenoble, where he and the party with which he was travelling were snow-bound for some days. The following is extracted from a letter written thence by Romilly (published in the first volume of his *Memoirs*, p. 171):—

" This is but the third day that I find myself in this monastery, and I seem already to have

inhabited it for years. The sight of the same objects and of the same faces, and the precise order which reigns here, soon destroys the novelty of the life of a recluse; and I can hardly persuade myself, since I have been in this place, that I am ever to quit it. It was dusk when we arrived, and we were so much fatigued with our journey that we paid little attention to anything but the hospitality of our religious hosts and the excellent supper they set before us. As for myself, when I was shown into my chamber, I was so overwhelmed with drowsiness that I took notice of nothing in it but a bed, into which I threw myself with the impatience of a weary traveller. The next morning, after a slumber of nine hours without interruption, except once indeed that I was waked by the melancholy bell which summons the fathers to the midnight service, I found myself lying on a small wooden bed, in a cell paved with tiles, and furnished only with two wooden chairs and a desk for prayer, over which hung a very indifferent print of the passion of our Saviour. My window looked over the spacious courtyard before the house, which was vast but solitary; the grass grew between the stones, and in the midst stood two fountains, the melancholy splashing of whose waters alone interrupted the deep silence. The aspect of the country was well suited to the building, and presented to the view a dreary mountain rising above, one end wholly covered with woods of gloomy pine. I quitted my little

cell to walk about the house of this solitary community. Every object struck me with awe and respect. As I walked through the long cloisters, nothing broke the profound silence of the convent but the sound of my steps on the pavement, faintly echoed by the vaulted roof. The cloister led me by a small burial-ground in the midst of the building, where a number of tombstones in the form of crosses were placed in a kind of irregular order, some high, some low, some new, some old, others mouldering away and broken or fallen down and with inscriptions scarce legible. This is the burial-place of the Generals; and they are never permitted to be far distant from it after their elevation to the supremacy of their order; for the General must not step beyond the precincts of the monastery. I began to read the inscriptions, and while I was remarking the very advanced age to which a life abstemious, even to excess, had been prolonged by these venerable fathers, and was observing the slight distinctions which some of them derived from the addition of a few years to their uniform lives, or by having died, some in the present century and some three hundred years ago, I heard the distant steps of some person in the cloister. I quitted the cemetery to see who it might be; a white figure at a considerable distance was advancing towards me; it was one of the fathers. I walked to meet him, and should have spoken to him; but he had arrived at the door of his cell, which opened into the

cloister: he entered and shut the door. I reproached myself for having forgotten that the fathers are not permitted to speak, and for having exposed him to the temptation of opening his lips; for he seemed in that instant to regret that the laws of his order imposed silence on him. The falling to of the heavy door rang through the building, and left an awful impression on my mind. In imagination I followed this venerable monk into his cell. I fancied myself, like him, imprisoned from the world, and separated from the grave by nothing but the unvaried round of fasts and prayers; and that I should never quit my cell, except to rehearse the vigils in the chapel, to eat one weekly meal in silence with my brethren, or to walk about the lonely mountain, till I was carried into my tomb."

Regarding the departure from the Grand Chartreuse, Romilly writes in his *Memoirs* as follows:—

"Amongst the travellers collected together there were two young French officers; one of whom was going to Lyons, and I joined his company. We proceeded together on mules to Grenoble, and there hired a cabriolet which conveyed us to Lyons. At that place we parted, and I proceeded to Paris in the *diligence* or *messagerie*, a large carriage containing eight inside passengers; not a very convenient or a very elegant conveyance, but one which was well suited to my humble cir-

cumstances, and in which much more is to be learnt of the manners of a people than by being shut up in a commodious English carriage and travelling post. Arrived at Paris, I left my luggage at the *Bureau des diligences*, and set off on foot to inquire my way through the streets for an hotel at the other end of the town to which I had got a direction. . . I returned to London by way of Lisle and Ostend, still travelling in public carriages."

A letter dated Ostende, Nov. 10, 1781 (the original of which is in the present writer's possession), commences :—

"Once better than my word, I write to you, my dear Roget, from this place, though I did not give you reason to expect to hear from me till I should have arrived at London; but I deserve no thanks for this letter, for it is the fruits of the most irksome leisure which an unfavourable wind inflicts on me, by confining me to this place. . . ."

A further portion of the same letter describes some impressions received in passing through France. We will content ourselves with quoting the following:—

"At Versailles I assisted at the Mass. The service was very short, though it was on a Sunday ;

for kings are so highly respected in that country that even Religion appoints for them less tedious ceremonies than it imposes on the people. The moment his Majesty appeared, the drums beat and shook the temple, as if it had been intended to announce the approach of a conqueror. During the whole time of Mass the choristers sang, sometimes single parts, sometimes in chorus. In the front seats of the galleries were ranged the ladies of the Court, glowing with rouge and gorgeously apparelled, to enjoy and form part of the showy spectacle. The King laughed and spied at the ladies; every eye was fixed on the personages of the Court, every ear was attentive to the notes of the singers, while the priest, who in the meantime went on in the exercise of his office, was unheeded by all present. Even when the Host was lifted up, none observed it; and if the people knelt, it was because they were admonished by the ringing of the bell; and even in that attitude, all were endeavouring to get a glimpse of the King. How can a King of France ever be brought to regard his subjects as his equals, when, even before the throne of heaven, he maintains so high a superiority over all around him? What an idea must he not conceive of his own importance, when he thus sees his God less honoured than himself?

In his next letter (November 16, 1781) he writes:—

"At last, my dear Roget, you find I am safe arrived at my dear home. It was very fortunate that I took advantage of the first favourable moment which presented itself for crossing the sea, as the wind has been contrary ever since, and there are at present no less than four mails due."

This letter contains a further interesting picture of pre-Revolution Paris, in an account of the rejoicings on the birth of the Dauphin, which happened while Romilly was in Paris.

"The day the Dauphin was born," he writes, "an order was posted up in all the streets, enjoining the citizens to illuminate their houses for three successive nights and to shut up their shops, and commanding the officers of the police to look to the execution of this order. Who would have thought that a people so famous for their fond attachment to their kings could have needed such an order! an order which, even when rendered necessary by the disloyalty of a nation, can never answer any purpose, unless it be to lull a feeble government into a childish joy by an outward show of happiness, by making an oppressed and discontented nation for a moment act the part of a happy and grateful people!

At night I walked about Paris to see the illuminations; the streets were crowded with people, and the public edifices were well lighted up; but in many of the private houses there appeared

only one glimmering lamp at each window, hung up, not in token of joy, but of reluctant obedience to the Sovereign's will; and some of the citizens were daring enough not to illuminate their houses at all. In many of the squares were little orchestras with bands of music playing to the populace, some of whom danced about in wild, irregular figures. But it was at the Place de Grève that the greatest crowd was assembled. The town house there was richly illuminated, a firework was played off, and afterwards the people were invited to dance to the music of four bands in the different orchestras. The company, which consisted of the very lowest and dirtiest rabble in Paris, soon began to dance in a ring, but they were noisy rather than merry, and none seemed happy, unless happiness can be found in a tumultuous oblivion. My opinion of the Parisians, with respect to gaiety, is so different from that of all travellers, that I hardly dare trust to it, but I must describe things as I see them, and not borrow from others my opinions and observations."

As already stated, Jean Roget died on April 25, 1783. In consequence, Romilly hastened once more to Switzerland to bring back to England Mrs. Catherine Roget, her son Peter, and the infant daughter who had been born but a few weeks before Roget's death. Romilly in this case travelled via Paris, where he made a brief stay. In a

letter to his sister from Paris (August 29, 1783) he writes :—

"Thus far, my dear Kitty, I am arrived safe upon my journey. . . . I do not find any opportunity as I expected of travelling from hence to Geneva. Your friend Mr. Gautier will travel thither about the same time, but I fear he is engaged in a party already. If I should not within four or five days find any better method of travelling, I shall resolve to go in a *diligence* to Dijon or to Besançon or Lyons, and so on to Geneva. . . . You may expect in about ten days from hence to hear from me at Geneva."

The nature of the old-fashioned French *diligences* of about this period is shown in Fig. 1.

It happened after all that he was able to travel by the direct road in company with Mr. Gautier. Quoting again from the *Memoirs* :—

"I made but a short stay at Geneva ; few of my best friends were then remaining there. The revolution which had taken place had afforded a complete triumph to the aristocratical party ; but it had been effected by the interference of France and by the terror of its arms. I shall never forget the burning indignation which I felt as I looked down upon a French regiment which was mounting guard in the place of Bel Air, under the windows of my hotel, and as I heard the noise

FIG. 1.—ARRIVAL OF AN OLD-FASHIONED FRENCH DILIGENCE, ABOUT 1800.

From a painting.

To face p. 30.

of its military music, which seemed, as it were, to insult the ancient liberties of the Republic."

The return journey with Mrs. Roget and her children, which is the subject of the next chapter, may be regarded as the actual permanent migration of this branch of the Roget family from Switzerland to England.

CHAPTER II

1783 :
A JOURNEY FROM LAUSANNE TO LONDON

WE are able to give a much fuller account of Mrs. Catherine Roget's journey back to England than of the travels referred to in the last chapter, as she wrote a diary of the whole journey herself. The account below is but slightly abridged from the original, and much of it, in addition to the contrast between the travelling conditions then prevalent and those of to-day, has a special interest in view of the later history of the countries traversed. Regarding the route adopted, Romilly writes: "For the sake of avoiding any of the places through which my sister passed with her husband when she left the country, and which she thought would be attended with remembrances too painful for her to endure, we made rather a circuitous journey." The travellers passed right through the Franco-German frontier territory into Belgium at a time when, although ominous clouds were gathering, the storm of the French Revolution had not yet burst; Louis

XVI was King of France and had yet ten years to live; Napoleon, a boy of fourteen, was still at the school at Brienne, and the power of Prussia was yet undreamed of.

"*Sept.* 24, 1783.—Set out from Lausanne the 24 Sept. Mr. B——'s family accompanied us as far as Moudon, where we dined. Moudon is a small town in the canton of Berne, formerly the capital of the Pays de Vaud. At the town house is an antique altar with an inscription not much defaced and a singular cage to confine delinquents, which turns on a pivot. Parted from our good friends, continued our journey to Payerne, where we lay.

Sept. 25.—From Paverne, passed through Avenches. About half a mile before we arrived, at Morat, is an *ossuaire* (a collection of bones gathered up after the battle between Charles the Bold and the Swiss).[1] It stands on the bank of the lake of Morat. From Payerne to Morat, tobacco is much cultivated; the increased price of this herb occasioned by the American War induced

[1] This battle was fought on June 22, 1476, when the Burgundians under Charles the Bold, numbering some 60,000, were defeated by about 35,000 Swiss, and 15,000 Burgundians were slain. A curious story is told of how the news of the victory was brought. A boy ran with a branch in his hand from Morat to Fribourg, about ten miles, and on arrival could only utter the one word "Victory!" before he fell dead. A slip from the branch which he carried was planted on the spot (in Fribourg) where he fell, and this grew to be the famous "Morat" lime-tree, fourteen feet in circumference, standing to this day.

them to plant it. Morat, where we dined, is a pretty town. The principal street built with arcades in humble imitation of Berne, the prospect very pleasing. They use the same cage to inflict punishment as at Moudon. At Gimenden, two leagues from Morat, is a very singular wooden bridge, tiled over. The road from here lies on a hill which commands a very distant prospect, from whence one discovers the lakes of Neuchâtel and Morat. Indeed, all the way to Berne the road is remarkably pleasant, lying over mountains, and the views exceedingly enriched with villages and country houses. Near Berne, the road is regularly planted with trees.

Sept. 26.—Berne[1] is a very beautiful city, the streets wide, regularly built and with arches, that you may walk all round the town in bad weather without being wet; under these arches are the shops; in the middle of the street runs a small stream of water, which with the well-built fountains and the cleanliness of the whole is very agreeable. The streets are kept clean by the criminals, who drag carts through the streets every morning, sweeping up all the rubbish they find and even (with small brooms) dusting all the public gates and iron rails. The one we saw was drawn by women. There are about twenty of these carts in the city. Many of the convicts

[1] Berne was at that time an independent canton, attached to the Swiss Confederation. It was conquered fifteen years later by the French, but was liberated again after the Napoleonic period.

are likewise employed in other work. They have a house appropriated for them, and also another for those who have committed greater crimes and are not permitted to go out. We went into one of these *maisons de travail*. According to their crimes, both men and women had both their work and their liberty limited. Everything appeared very clean and the people very cheerful, which shows that their taskmasters were not severe. Their dress is blue; the men have a particular marked cap with a number, and the women wear an iron collar and a kind of poker which appears to come from their breasts and is joined to their collar. The use of them is not only for a visible mark, but in case of mutiny to hold them by. They mingle among the people and seem not to be treated with contempt, as those for slight offences after a certain hour go home to their families. I saw one after twelve in the morning selling apples in the street. In the 'Platform,' a public walk, are summer-houses, where they have concerts on a summer's evening and where the best company resorts. This place is on an eminence, which makes one giddy to look down. At the bottom runs the River Aar. The view from the terrace is beautiful; on one side of the wall is an inscription on black marble in German to commemorate a very singular and miraculous event which happened in 1625. A clergyman was riding an unruly horse, who took fright and precipitated itself with the rider to

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the bottom. The height is not less than two hundred feet and directly perpendicular, but neither the horse nor the gentleman was considerably hurt.[1] I had hardly the courage to look down again after I had heard the story. Mr. F—— told us that he once saw a boy between four and five years old trundle his hoop along this wall with amazing swiftness, and what makes the story more frightful is that the wall is not flat, the stone rising in the middle and leaving only four inches flat on each side. Where there is no fear, there is little danger.

There are sumptuary laws in this city, some of which are remarkable. Coaches are permitted in the city, but the use of them is restrained upon certain occasions; no member can go to the council in his coach and no person is permitted to use them to go to church. At a little distance from the town is a hospital for horses, sick horses not being permitted to be kept in the town, lest the contagion be spread. At the entrance to the city are kept in a deep paved square place four bears (the arms of the city is a bear). The hospital of this place is elegantly built. In the arsenal are some curious pieces of armour, among them of the conquerors of the Pays de Vaud,[2] and many

[1] Other accounts put the date at 1654, and record that the horse was killed.

[2] The Vaudois were conquered by the Bernese in 1536, and remained more or less under their domination until the arrival of the French in 1798.

from Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. In all this canton we were continually followed by beggars, who neither in dress nor countenance bespoke misery. We left Berne at eleven that morning.

The road from hence commands a beautiful prospect of the Swiss glaciers. Dined at Traubroy; from thence to Soleure, where we only stopped to refresh the horses, but my brother and self took the opportunity of walking, as we did on every occasion, to view the city, which is neither clean nor handsome, the streets narrow. The church is a fine modern building. The churchyard is composed of large square stones all numbered, which take up to bury in. The view from the bridge is delightful. Slept at Vietlisbach.

Sept. 27.—Passed through the valley of Balsthal, which, notwithstanding bad weather, we found very pleasant. The view is diversified by the rocks and pinewood. Passed through Waldenburg, dined at Liesthal. From that place, they were everywhere taking in the vintage, which they press down with their naked feet in large tubs on the roadside, contrary to the way of making wine in the Pays de Vaud. Before one comes to Basle, the road pleasantly winds by the side of the Rhine. Slept at Basle.

Sept. 28.—Basle [1] is a large city, very clean and little inhabited for its size. The houses are some covered with white plaster and painted round the windows and other parts with party-colour,

[1] Basle was then an independent canton.

some red and yellow, blue and green, etc. Most of the houses have a looking-glass reflecting what passes in the street. The church is a Gothic building of considerable antiquity,[1] but all painted over a red colour. It contains the monument of Erasmus. Behind the church is a little wall which commands a beautiful view of the Rhine, of the little city beyond the river and the adjacent country. The ' Dance of Death,' said by Holbein, painted on the wall by the French church, is guarded by a shed and wooden rails painted red, which by no means set it off. Part of the painting is exceedingly damaged by time.[2] We saw a very curious garden here, quite in the Dutch style. The first *coup d'œil* was singular and not unpleasing. Crowded with the greatest variety of flowers intermixed with shells, and the beds variously shaped in all kinds of figures and intermixed with brickdust and yellow earth and gravel, and surrounded with an aviary, also a great quantity of stone images. At the end is a very singular maze formed with vines running up short rails, only to be admired as a puzzle, it having a poor effect. It being Sunday, we did not see the library. The dresses are singular. The councillors all dress in black, with a short cloak and a large ruff. The

[1] It was founded in 1000, destroyed by earthquake in 1356, and rebuilt in 1359.

[2] The "Dance of Death" is now in the Museum at Basle. It is established that it was not the work of Holbein, for it is now known to have been completed forty years before his birth.

women wear their hair tight over a small pad and dragged up behind, confined in the middle by a cap the size of a small saucer, not seen in front, sometimes bordered with gold or silver and in general black; they all wear black on Sunday. The clocks go an hour faster at Basle, which was near occasioning us many mistakes.[1] At the inn where we were there was a large paved room looking over the Rhine, with a fountain in the middle; it was on the second story and commanded an excellent prospect. Left Basle and arrived at Mulhouse at five in the evening.

Mulhouse is said to derive its name from the great number of mills there, but we saw very few. Mulhouse is a small independent republic.[2]

[1] W. D. McCracken, in his *Romance and Teutonic Switzerland*, writes: "A famous Church Council sat here from 1431 to 1448, but a more useless and incompetent assembly has rarely been convened. The citizens got so tired of its fruitless sessions that they finally set all the town clocks an hour ahead to make the cardinals and bishops adjourn sooner every day. It is said that the advance was maintained until 1778, when Basle once more began to work back to the right hour, but only by half a minute at a time, as befitting a very old and dignified city that was not to be hurried under any circumstances. As all the clocks in the world would not induce the council to break up promptly, it had to be excommunicated and summarily dissolved by Papal authority." It would appear from Mrs. Roget's account that the change was not complete even in 1783.

[2] Mulhouse had occupied the position of an ally to the Swiss League since the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, and it was not till 1797, i.e. fourteen years later than Mrs. Roget's visit, that it was, for reasons of commercial policy, incorporated into France. As part of Alsace, of course it became German in 1871, but now happily is again a French town.

It owes to its alliance to the Helvetic body the peace which it has so long enjoyed. The territory is small, but they carry on large manufactures of woollen cloth and printed linens. The outside of the town house and several other large houses are curiously but gaudily painted over with figures.

Sept. 29.—Dined at Thann, a very small town which has an exceedingly pretty small Gothic church, seemingly very ancient, built of a yellow stone which has a good effect. The road from this place is through a valley. The mountains surrounding it present a variety of views like those in Switzerland. Lay at Lettré, came in late; the inn comfortable and clean and good beds.

Sept. 30.—Dined at Remiremont, a pretty large town of Lorraine. The houses in this part of the country are covered with small square pieces of wood instead of tiles, and have no chimneys, the smoke either passing through a door or window. About a mile from here we had a proof of the inconvenience of this kind of thing. A whole hamlet consisting of eleven houses which, though they were built of stone and some of them stood at a distance from the others, were all burnt down from one of them catching fire. Lay at Epinal. Fête there; soldiers dancing in the public walk, the women dressed in white.

Oct. 1.—Dined at Charmes; lay at Nancy.

Oct. 2.—Nancy. Went to see the chapel at the Cordeliers, where the Dukes of Lorraine are buried. The building very elegant, enriched with black

marble. The form of the chapel is octagon. The tombs, where the House of Lorraine is buried, are placed uniform and exactly the same. The Cordeliers are twenty-six in number. In the middle of a large square is a statue of Louis XV, commemorating the happiness of Lorraine in falling under the dominion of France,[1] and their prosperity since the event. The streets are wide, the houses are elegant and adorned with much gilded ironwork; a noble gate stands in the middle of the city. Everything reminds you of grandeur, yet being thinly inhabited, the public places do not appear gay. Undresses quite in taste; the men we saw parading in the morning in nightgowns and the ladies in slippers, white loose draperies and nightcaps. Dined at Pont-à-Mousson, opposite L'Ecole Militaire Royale at Jouy. Near Metz, we viewed the remains of the Roman aqueduct, which passed over the Moselle. We were on the side where the greatest part is seen, seventeen arches being entire. The highroad passes under one of them. Small houses are built under six of the arches, which seem in great danger of being crushed by the remains of Roman grandeur, if it be true, as they told us, that the stones fall frequently. The stones on the outside of the building are placed with great regularity, but the internal solid parts are thrown in irregularly. The mortar

[1] Lorraine, after a somewhat stormy history, did not become actually attached to France till 1766, or seventeen years before the time that we are considering.

is very hard. Ferried over the Moselle; the moon was bright; came in late. Obliged to sleep a mile distant from Metz, the gates being shut.

Oct. 3.—Met a Pilgrim dressed in dark brown with cockleshells upon his hat and cloak, a bag for his provisions, a staff in his hand and a wooden bottle by his side for his drink. Dined at Fontoy, lay at Longwy.

Oct. 4.—Ascending the eminence upon which Longwy stands, we observed a very remarkable fog rising from the valley which entirely eclipsed the lower ground, and this appeared metamorphosed into a lake, the mountains forming the opposite coast and the rising ground as small islands. The rising sun, which decked the whole with the most beautiful shades, soon gathered this thick mist into heavy clouds and discovered to us a number of growing landscapes. Dined at Arlon. From Arlon to Malmaison, where we lay, the road is exceedingly bad and the country barren and dreary. Here and there a few small villages with scarcely a tree to shade them was all that varied the scene for some leagues.

Oct. 5.—Dined at Emptines; lay at Namur. The garrison consists of only 2,000 men. When the Dutch were in possession of the town, they maintained a garrison of near 10,000 men and never less than 4,000. A troop of players was established in the city and were chiefly supported by the officers of the garrison, but the officers at present are not sufficiently numerous and there is no play.

The tradespeople of the town seem tolerably dissatisfied with the change, which they pretend has carried away half the trade of the city. The city seems neat; it is almost entirely built of brick. . . . The most considerable part of the fortifications is now thrown down, and scarcely anything remains but the forts above the city. . . .

Oct. 7.—Lay at Louvain. The seat of a University.

Oct. 8.—Met a number of students going to the college with their portfolios under their arms. We were told that there were fine pictures in the great church, but could find nobody to open the chapels in it. At the Augustins we were also told that there were some worth seeing, but here again we were unlucky. We rang at the gate; a monk came out on whose countenance was painted ill-nature and discontent, and either not understanding French or offended at seeing a lady approach his cell, he appeared not to comprehend our meaning and sternly showed us the door. The town house seems to be a very ancient building. . . . The quay and the buildings on the side of the canal are very neat and pleasant, the place open and large, and the view terminates by a ruined castle and a church on an eminence.

Dined at Malines. The road from Louvain to Malines is so direct a line that on quitting Louvain on a clear day one may see the tower of the church at Malines at the end of the road, though it is four leagues distant. The great church at Malines is

a fine Gothic building, but without any steeple and seemingly unfinished. In one of the chapels is an altarpiece by Rubens. . . . Lay at Antwerp.

Oct. 9.—The great church of Notre Dame an admirable Gothic building; the steeple of one of the towers only is finished. It is exceedingly high (460 feet), and the small houses which are built against it add to its apparent height, but they have an ugly appearance. In the church is one of the finest pictures by Rubens. . . . Antwerp is large, but thinly inhabited. The streets are wide and the buildings elegant, but badly lighted; only a few lamps at the crucifixes. Left this town at twelve o'clock, slept at a very indifferent inn, where we could scarce get anything to eat; the room exceedingly cold; the whole very uncomfortable.

Oct. 10.—The road about two leagues from Antwerp to about half a league from Breda exceedingly bad, deep sands and lying across heaths. Dined at Breda, a pretty Dutch town well fortified. (Peter will remember the Dutch cleanliness.) The Governor's castle, a building of red brick ornamented with stone figures. Embarked at three o'clock upon a vessel.

Oct. 11.—Having passed our night *tant mal que bien* in our cabin, with only one bed for all, we were much rejoiced to see Rotterdam. We arrived there at eleven in the morning. The city is very beautiful; fine canals running through the streets, filled with a variety of pretty sailing boats, added

to rows of large trees, which give an agreeable shade to the houses, with the remarkable cleanliness of the whole, make the scene both entertaining and extraordinary, particularly when compared to the dirt in general of a large town. But here is not like Antwerp; the place is populous, and the noise of the heavy coaches which rattle over the stones soon made me wish to quit the place, which we did the next day at six in the morning in one of those unpleasing vehicles. . . .

Oct. 12.—Dined on bread and cheese at a small village where they did not understand a word we said. Ferried over three times before our arrival there. The coachman stopped to drink tea, it being a favourite liquor with the common people in Holland, as porter is in England. Arrived at Helvoet at half-past three. Saluted by cross matron by 'You may stay here a week; the packet-boat sailed yesterday.' This bad news put us all out of spirits. . . . Helvoet[1] is a small neat town consisting of sailors' families, the place well fortified. The guards would not permit our walking near the fortifications. The country near is very flat, and is strewn everywhere with shells.

Oct. 15.—After three days' rest, the packet-boat arrived. We set sail at three o'clock. Our captain very civil, his boat very large, making on occasion twenty-one beds. Some part of the company agreeable and the others not disagreeable. . . . We were fifty-three hours on board, having a calm

[1] Or Helvoetsluys.

the first night which sickened all the passengers. Arrived Harwich at six o'clock, where we joined part of the company with Captain Horne and enjoyed a comfortable English supper.

Oct. 18.—Left Harwich; the road delightfully pleasant. Admired Colchester and Chelmsford, as well as many pretty smaller towns. Arrived at London at six o'clock."

Mrs. Roget's journey thus occupied twenty-four days. It is now possible to travel from Lausanne to London in considerably under twenty-four hours.

Another example of the considerable delays that were liable to be experienced in those days, in the crossing of the Channel, is presented by Romilly's return journey from a visit to Paris in 1788. Quoting from the *Memoirs*:—

"I was obliged to be back early in October, to attend the Coventry and Warwick Quarter Sessions; . . . we reluctantly therefore set out on our return, and yet I was near missing the object of it; for though we had allowed ourselves full time to perform our journey, when we arrived at Boulogne we found the wind adverse and blowing so strongly that it was impossible to sail for England, either from that port or from Calais; and after staying at Boulogne nearly a week, we were still there on Saturday at one o'clock in the day, when it was requisite that I should be in

Court, at Coventry, by ten o'clock on the morning of the following Monday. This, however, by great good fortune, I was able to accomplish. We had a passage of only three hours; we proceeded the same night to Canterbury, and arrived in London early enough on the next evening to obtain a place in a mail-coach, which conveyed me by nine o'clock the following morning to Coventry."

CHAPTER III

1793 :
A COACH JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH

AS an example of the ordinary means of inland travel in the old coaching days, with its little incidents and annoyances, we are able to give an account, also by Mrs. Catherine Roget, of a journey from London to Edinburgh, ten years later, again accompanied by her son and daughter, now aged fourteen and ten and a half years respectively. The object of this journey was to enable young Peter Mark Roget to commence his medical studies at Edinburgh. These were undertaken at a much earlier age than is customary nowadays, and it is remarkable to look back upon the fact that it was then possible for him to take his full degree of M.D. when he was only nineteen. It is interesting to note that while our travellers were passing quietly through England and Scotland, France was in the thick of the Revolution, and Alsace, through which we followed them so peacefully in the last chapter, was being invaded by the Austrians.

The following extracts from letters which Mrs. Roget wrote from Dover prior to the journey are given to show how large an undertaking such a journey must have seemed when the preparations were being discussed, even to one of so much experience of travel, and incidentally they throw light on the various available methods.

" Mrs. D—— is desirous of going thirds with us in a postchaise as far as Stone, in Staffordshire. If we adopt that plan, we shall go the road to Carlisle. But can equally stop at any of the towns on the road if we find ourselves fatigued. . . . When I see the daily fine weather we are letting pass by us and reflect on the 400 miles we are going, I am impatient to be on the road. I sent yesterday to inquire concerning the Carlisle diligence; there is none. The stage holds six, and is £3 18s. Everybody frightens us about the public coaches, which, to be sure, nobody but such poor devils as myself would venture in; and I am not sure that I shall have the courage, though I can ill afford the expense of chaises for such a length of road. We shall probably mix our journey with the genteel and the vulgar, now and then taking a crowd and jumble in a stage and then loll and look big another post or two in easy chaises. . . . I shall send in a few days my trunks by water; they will not be long on the voyage, and we shall be there before them."

It appears, however, that one, at any rate, of the trunks that was consigned in this way from Dover failed by a long way to arrive before them, as the boy in a letter from Edinburgh in the May of the following year writes:—

"We are in great want of our trunk at Dover, which contains many of our books. It is impossible to have it at present, for no vessels venture from Dover during the war, and if it comes by land, it must be opened by the custom house officers both at Dover and at London, besides the great expense of land carriage."

On September 9th Mrs. Roget writes to her brother:—

"If you have anything more to say to me concerning this long journey, you must write by return of post, as I shall set out the middle of next week. We shall take three places in the York Coach and rest ourselves a week there if necessary. Our D—— party is given up. We shall have a moon next week, which is preferable to her bright eyes, *ainsi je me moque du reste.* My young children are eager to be on the road as well as their old mother, who feels herself wearing away to the size of a thread-paper from these repeated delays and unsettled stage projects."

Mrs. Roget's own account of the journey is as follows:—

THE JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO YORK.

"Left our good friends at Kensington Sept. 18th, 1793. Took a Hackney coach at 8 o'clock in the evening, drove to the Bull and Mouth in Aldersgate Street, where we had taken places in the mail coach for York. The evening was rainy, and the wagons going out prevented our coming up to it, but we had a very careful coachman, who made us not quit the coach until we had placed everything in the Inn. The last bundle he left to Peter's charge, and bid Nannette and myself follow him, but, old careful, turning his head, perceived Peter following; he was going to bawl out, but seeing that he had the parcel under his arm, he gave a nod of approbation. After the confusion of the coach office, etc., was over, we were ushered into the coffee-room, to wait with others the stage going out. We were sorry to find that we had an hour to wait. During our stay, a tired family entered out of a long stage, and began a long supper, which continued serving up till we left the Inn. We felt ourselves awkward doing nothing, when every mouth in the room besides ours was employed with eating, so we called for a tumbler of negus and a few biscuits. This was a pastime for my young people, and had so changed my thoughts from our intended journey that when the Edinburgh and York Mail papers were called for I should, had not Peter jogged my memory, have been an hour longer lost in my

reverie, for in the short time I had carried my thoughts back to the good friends I had left and felt vexed at the interruption. We got into the coach and were followed by a lusty middle-aged man, who before we had reached Lombard Street had already entertained us with anecdotes of his family, etc. I was in an absent humour and only heard half his stories. One thing struck me with concern, the idea of travelling 200 miles with such a talkative companion. We waited at the post office about half an hour, when by the sound of the horn we drove on very pleasantly, and as we advanced, our opposite neighbour's clack abated. He at last put on his large fur cap, after apologizing to Nannette for his frightful appearance, which he said might alarm such a young traveller. In short, we all prepared to take our rest, Nannette with her white French coat. Peter, who had forgotten his nightcap, tied his handkerchief round his head. I composed myself with settling in my mind many anxious cares concerning our journey, which probably would have prevented my closing my eyes had not the two bad nights preceding, added to the fatigue and the hurry of packing up and leaving my good friends, so wearied and spent my spirits, that nature sank into repose notwithstanding the motion of the coach, which I must confess was the most gentle of any carriage I had before travelled in. We changed horses at Enfield, Ware, Buntingford and Huntingdon. We arrived at the latter place

at a quarter before four in the morning, where we made a comfortable breakfast, although at such an early hour. We changed guard and coachman, to the displeasure of our fellow-traveller, who called the usual custom of giving them a shilling a vile imposition. He ate little breakfast, but promised himself a good luncheon at the next stage, which was Stilton. He was too sleepy to get out, but at Stamford, our next stage, he had a drop of comfort, which gave him his former spirits. His anecdotes soon ended in a doze, so that on the whole he was not such a troublesome companion as I had feared. His conversation was never fatiguing above half an hour after some good liquor. The rest of the time was passed in sleeping and in studying Patterson's *Book of Roads*, one page of which in particular Peter is certain he was learning by heart. After passing Grantham, we arrived in Newark, where we dined on eels, a fat goose and mushrooms. We were here solicited to take in a lady, which, after a few murmurs, we all agreed to. When herself and puppy dog were handed into the coach we received the most fulsome thanks I have ever heard, such a kindness never to be forgotten, an unparalleled goodness, etc., which we vowed were undeserved. No sooner was the lady and her young charge seated than our traveller began by telling her that she might thank the good dinners we had met with for her reception, which had put us all in good humours. I resented this rude speech by assuring

the lady that she was very welcome, and immediately showed some civilities to her dog, which gained her affection, and we good-humouredly continued our journey for about half an hour, when all but the lady, even the very puppy, fell asleep. Peter snored very loud. At Doncaster she left us with a thousand thanks, and there our traveller called for a mug of ale; we were all so dry that I was tempted to follow his example. He desired that I would taste his ale, but to my astonishment I found it absolutely half brandy, so that I no longer wondered his tongue ran so fast after his meals. We were concerned to find that our traveller's plan was somewhat similar to ours. He was going to Scotland, but meant to stay a few days at York to rest himself and to see the curiosities there. We arrived at York a little after eleven at night at the York Tavern. The house was full; only one bedroom remained, which, as there were two beds in it, we immediately engaged. Our traveller had the offer of one bed in a room where there was a gentleman asleep in the other. This poor accommodation did not suit him. He whispered in my ear that this sleeping person might possibly be a thief, and he had valuable things with him. I approved of his fears and encouraged him to take his place on to Edinburgh. He lamented not seeing the Cathedral, but was comforted when I assured him that I had never heard much said in its praise, and the town, my brother had lately informed me, was positively

ugly. In short, his fears and my rhetoric sent him post-haste on to Edinburgh. We enjoyed by ourselves a quiet supper, and after a good night's rest we set out in search of lodgings. . . . Our traveller informed us that he meant to write his observations and adventures. His remarks, taken from his dreams and Patterson's Road Book, must be worth reading. We have our fears that we shall appear in print as the dull companions of his journey.

The Journey from York to Edinburgh.

As there was no probability of taking places till the mail coach was arrived from London, we were obliged to pack up our trunks on the uncertainty of going. Immediately we heard the sound of the horn, I sent Peter to inquire if there were three places vacant. He brought us word that we could go, and after a hasty adieu and settling our affairs with our host, we went bag and baggage to the York Tavern. The confusion that we found there was dreadful, and the places reserved for us were in a postchaise with another gentleman; another chaise was to accompany us, and according to the clerk of the office we were to keep up close to the mail, and at Newcastle we were to get in, as three of the passengers were going no farther. I saw the absurdity of this plan and exclaimed against it, but, not willing to go back and meet perchance with the same luck another evening, we

consented to the plan and got in with our traveller, who was talkative and civil, as the other chaise were all much in liquor. We set off first, and as we were changing horses at the first post, the mail passed us, and we continued flying after it the whole night. At Darlington we stopped to breakfast, and had a full view of the drunken chaise company. We hurried our breakfast in hopes to get before them to the mail, as one of them wished for a place as well as us. This piece of cunning was soon smoked out, and to our mortification our driver chose to go purposely slow till the other chaise passed full drive and was soon out of sight. We now began to despair of meeting with the mail at Newcastle. It was vain to storm; he did not go a step faster. At the next post they assured us that we should be too late. But the contrary event befell us; the landlord provided the first chaise, as he found that they had got the start of us, with bad horses and left the good ones for us. Thus we soon came up to them, but were not in the last post before them, and we were told by all that the mail would be gone. Both chaises now set off at full gallop and kept up together. We arrived at Newcastle when the horses to the mail were putting to. Hall's Inn was crowded and all in great confusion. Our companion with us got into the mail, and, with a light heart and an empty stomach, we set off, well pleased that we had accomplished our ends, and laughing at our great hurry and the disappointment of the other

person who nearly occasioned ours, coming up to the coach. At about ten we arrived at Berwick; we were rejoiced to find an excellent cold supper prepared for us, for we had had nothing the whole day. The rest of our journey was very pleasant. We arrived at Edinburgh at seven o'clock in the morning, and from the recommendations of our fellow-traveller got immediately into a very comfortable lodging."

The party stayed a fortnight in York, and arrived in Edinburgh on October 4th. The actual time of travelling from London to York appears to have been under twenty-four hours, but two nights were spent on the portion from York to Edinburgh.

In a letter Mrs. Roget writes on October 5th as follows :—

"You must be greatly surprised, my dear Sam, to receive the news of our arrival at Edinburgh, for I am myself. I informed you in my last letter of the trouble there is in obtaining places in the Mail from York to Edinburgh; I have now to add that the same uncertainty attends securing of places in the Light flyer, called in London the Heavy Coach, and the latter conveyance only carries you to Newcastle, where you are again to try your chance in another coach the rest of the way. We found that there was no Mail or any other coach that went quite to Carlisle, consequently that scheme was laid on one side. We had only

left trying our first plan, which we thought Thursday or Friday would do, but from inquiry I found a Yorkshire gent. or two were expected down by the Mail on Wed. night. We had therefore a better chance, though no certainty."

The type of vehicle in use in those days was somewhat different from the mail coach preserved in South Kensington Museum, which is said to have been the last to run on the London to York service before the days of railways. This was not built till 1820, and is of more highly developed design and construction than those in use in 1793. The employment of steel springs certainly goes back as far as 1760, when a "flying machine with steel springs" ran from Sheffield to London. Further improvements appear to have been introduced in 1787, but as to their immediate success we leave the reader to judge when he has read the following extract from a letter written by Matthew Boulton, the great engineer and partner of James Watt.[1]

"I had the most disagreeable journey I ever experienced the night after I left you, owing to the new improved patent coach, a vehicle loaded with iron trappings and the greatest complication of unmechanical contrivances jumbled together that I have ever witnessed. The coach swings sideways with a sickly sway, without any vertical

[1] This is taken from Smiles's *Life of Metcalfe.*

spring, the point of suspense bearing upon an arch called a spring, though it is nothing of the sort. The severity of the jolting occasioned me such disorder, that I was obliged to stop at Axminster and go to bed very ill. . . . Unless they go back to the old-fashioned coach, hung a little lower, the mail coaches will lose all their custom."

We must remember that the state of the roads in those days was very different from what it is now. The art of road-making was in its early infancy. The blind pioneer of road construction, Metcalfe, had, it is true, commenced his great work, but Telford was still a young working stonemason.

Some of the types of coach used both before and after the year we are considering are illustrated in the drawings of Rowlandson. In the earlier drawings six horses appear, with a postilion riding one of the leaders, and there appears to have been a large basket at the back for luggage, and at times even used by passengers. Of this basket, Sidney Smith, writing later and looking back, says :—

"As the basket of stage coaches in which luggage was then carried had no springs, your clothes were rubbed to pieces; and," he adds, "even in the best society one-third of the gentlemen at least were always drunk."

This basket was quite detached from the body, and rested upon the back axle. The fore boot, with

the driver's seat on the top of it, was likewise separate and unsprung, and between them the body proper was hung by straps from primitive springs. Venturesome passengers travelled on the roof at considerable risk to themselves, for there do not seem to have been at that time any proper outside seats. That outside seats had appeared by 1809 and that the basket had disappeared is shown by a later drawing by Rowlandson. The coach here depicted approximated much more nearly to the more familiar type, in that the fore and hind boots are attached to the central body and the whole is sprung together.

The coaches that Mrs. Roget rode in on the journey that we have described were mail coaches, and probably superior in construction to the common type of basket coach. From information given by Palmer, the pioneer of mail coaches, in 1791, we learn that the mail coaches of those days were constructed to carry four inside passengers and one outside passenger, who rode with the coachman. They were drawn by four horses, except in the heaviest weather, when there were six.[1] An old print of a coach at approximately this period leaving the Belle Sauvage is reproduced in Fig. 2.

It appears not to have been till 1784 that mails were regularly carried by coaches with an armed

[1] For some of these details the writer is indebted to Mr. C. G. Harper's interesting volumes, *Stage Coach and Mail in Days of Yore.*

FIG. 2.—A COACH OF THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The "Fairfield Fly" leaving "La Belle Savage."

To face p. 60

guard, and according to the catalogue of the South Kensington Museum, the vehicles were similar to the existing stage coaches, but carried only six persons, and ran at an average speed of six miles per hour. About 1800 the coaches had attained their final form, carrying four passengers inside and four out, and they travelled at an average speed of about eight miles per hour. In 1835 there were seven hundred such coaches on the roads of Great Britain and Ireland.

CHAPTER IV

1802 :
LONDON TO GENEVA THROUGH PARIS

WE will now follow Dr. Roget in a somewhat eventful tour upon which he started in 1802 in the capacity of tutor to two young men named Burton and Nathaniel Philips, sons of Mr. John Philips of Manchester, who, according to a letter written by Dr. Roget on a visit to Manchester for an introduction to this family, "has a very large establishment; his cotton factory is the largest in Manchester, and I believe in England." It is interesting to note from the same letter that on the way he visited Birmingham, where he speaks of having enjoyed "the agreeable and instructive conversation of Mr. Watt" (the great James Watt, who was at the time working hard at the improvement of the steam engine). In the travels we are about to describe we are able to add to our glimpses of the Continent before the French Revolution, a view of France after its close.[1]

[1] An account of this eventful tour, compiled by Mr. Herbert Philips, nephew of Dr. Roget's pupils, was printed for private

We have no complete account of the journey to Paris, but it appears that the party were delayed a day at Dover by contrary winds, and finally started for Calais in a sailing packet on February 17, 1802, arriving after a passage of no less than fifteen hours. A further four hours were spent in waiting for the gates of Calais to open. The boat that they crossed in carried twelve passengers, but it is recorded that the next one carried the then excessive number of forty. To get an idea, exaggerated perhaps, of the scene on the arrival of the English packet at Calais, the reader should betake himself to the National Gallery and look at Turner's "Calais Pier, the English Packet arriving," which was first exhibited in 1803, and may have been painted in the very year we are considering. It will be remembered that the armistice preceding the Peace of Amiens was signed on October 1, 1801, although the treaty itself was not signed till March 25, 1803, and the opportunity of visiting the Continent, which had been

circulation in 1904 under the title of *Continental Travel in 1802–3; The Story of an Escape*. This admirable little book is composed largely of letters from the Philipses, but contains also extracts from Dr. Roget's own notes. The present account is taken almost wholly from these notes, which are in the writer's possession, and includes some portions not made use of by Mr. Philips. In order to preserve continuity, a few facts are derived from the Philipses letters to their father, but out of respect for Mr. Herbert Philips' apparent wishes, by which they were only privately printed, no extended extracts from the Philips' letters have been made. The assistance afforded by Mr. Philips' book is, however, gratefully acknowledged.

closed during the time of war, was eagerly embraced by many Englishmen in that and, as in the case of our travellers, in the following year. Turner's brother artist, Girtin, went to Paris in November 1801, the year before his death, and was still in France at the time we are considering.[1]

The following account of the sailing packet service from Dover is taken from a little anonymous book on Dover published in 1799:—

"In times of peace this place has been considered the principal embarkation from England to the Continent. . . . Five packets are established here, under the direction of the General Post Office; one of which, during the last peace, sailed every Wednesday and Saturday with the mails to Calais and Ostend. Whenever the peace is made, which we hope is not far distant, travelling to and from the Continent will no doubt be greatly increased; and it is very probable that the Post Office may see the necessity of making an augmentation to their establishment by sending a daily foreign mail. . . . Before the war upwards of thirty vessels were employed in this passage, exclusive of the packets. . . . These vessels are from 60 to 70 tons burden, fitted up in an elegant manner, and may almost be called the handsomest sloops in the kingdom.

[1] See *History of the Old Water-Colour Society*, J. L. Roget, vol. i. p. 110.

FIG. 3.—DOVER AT LOW TIDE, 1816.

(From an engraving by W. B. Cooke, after L. Clennell)

To face p. 64.

With a leading wind, they are seldom more than three hours on their passage from Dover to Calais; and with the flood they frequently save their tide into Ostend harbour, after a voyage of only seven hours. Vessels in the passage do not wait for high water before they leave Dover, as their easy draught of water always enables them to proceed on their voyage by half-flood."

A rather later account (Horn's description of Dover, 1817) states that the passage vessels were enabled with a tolerably fair wind to reach Calais and go into the harbour by the same tide, "a convenience greatly to be desired, for if they reach Calais after the water has left the harbour the passengers are under the necessity of going ashore in boats. When a passage vessel arrives at Dover after tide time, they are likewise landed in boats, and generally upon the beach, which is usually effected without inconvenience, as the boatmen are extremely expert and careful. Sometimes a vessel leaves the harbour at the latter part of the tide and remains in the roads to receive the passengers on board by boats, who would otherwise have been compelled to wait till the next tide before they could have sailed." Fig. 3, which is reproduced from an old print of Dover, shows the scene of such a landing.

Our travellers started off for Paris the next morning in a chaise described as looking clumsy, with a body something like those in England,

but more confined, and with wheels like those of a common cart. The rest is like a gig with the "newly invented springs." The horses went three abreast. "The postilion," wrote one of the pupils, "has something very ridiculous about him. He wears immense jack-boots, one of which you could hardly lift with your hand, and carries a long lashed whip with which he announces his entrance to a town so that horses may be prepared without delay."

The first day's run of sixty miles brought them to Montreuil,[1] the second to Amiens,[2] the third to Chantilly and the fourth to Paris, where they arrived on February 23rd, and stayed, at first, at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Rue de la Loi.

Paris in 1802.

Dr. Roget's account of his impressions of Paris is given in full below:—

"All great towns, it is said, resemble one another, and yet, take a person walking in the streets of London, and when he is just turning a corner seize him and blindfold him, waft him

[1] Famed during the Great War as Sir Douglas Haig's Headquarters.

[2] For the sake of contrast, it may be mentioned that the present editor (Dr. Roget's grandson) passed along the greater part of the same road more than one hundred years later in a motor-car, starting from Boulogne after lunch and arriving without any hurry in Amiens at about six o'clock.

through the air and set him down anywhere in Paris, he will think himself in a new world the moment he opens his eyes. But the contrast is so great as to require no such means to make it sensible. Few things are alike in the two towns.

The great height of the houses—six or seven stories high—the narrowness of the streets, the height of the roofs, the walls covered with inscriptions which dazzle and bewilder the eye, the numerous coaches, chaises and cabriolets[1] which drive with amazing rapidity over an irregular pavement with a deafening noise, splashing through the gutters which run in the middle of the streets.

The total want of foot pavement renders it really dangerous to walk in the streets, till you are trained to feats of agility. You are required every instant to hop from stone to stone and to dart from one side of the street to the other. The poor foot-passengers are driven about by the cabriolets like a parcel of frightened sheep. The only security is large stones close to the houses, which scarcely allow you, by sticking close to the wall, to escape being hit. Accidents are frequent. The pavement consists of large round stones, very far from being level and very irregular. They are either covered with mud or, which is generally the case, greasy and very slippery.

[1] A cabriolet was a light, high two-wheeled one-horse vehicle with a hood.

On the walls are frequently painted the objects which are sold at the shops, as shoes, loaves, etc. A garland is a sign that wine is sold within. All the shops where wine or bread is sold have an iron grating before the windows to defend them from the mob, in case of any tumult. This was the case even long before the Revolution.

The streets lose a great deal in point of magnificence by most of the good houses not appearing in front, but, being removed from the street by a courtyard, to which a large gateway, or *Porte cochère* leads, are only seen one by one, and cannot in the least contribute to giving an air of grandeur or uniformity to the street. The streets which contain the best houses are thus in fact as bad as back streets or those in which coach-houses open. But to compensate this, the public buildings are very splendid and seen to great advantage.

The shops are very poor: all that they have is displayed at the window; they have no real magazine of goods, being deficient in capital. Indeed, foot-passengers are allowed no leisure to stare at the shops, being obliged to look to their feet and being hurried along by carriages which sweep along the way. Many of the grocer's shops have no windows. Many things are sold in stalls in the streets, especially books.

The women walk about in caps without hats, in jackets. They, as well as men and boys, often wear large wooden shoes, that appear very clumsy, but are perhaps adapted to the pavement. In

the markets they sit under large red oilcloth parasols fastened to posts. The men in general wear cocked hats, and are very dirty in their persons; they wear large ear-rings, and often allow the beard to descend from the ears under the chin. They shave very seldom.

The hackney coaches are better than those in London, and the horses are in much better condition. The horses of the cabriolets are very good and well trained. They go at a great rate over the rough pavement. There are between 3,000 and 4,000 hackney vehicles. Unfortunately, in narrow streets, they block the way too much, otherwise they are convenient enough. The fare is moderate, 15d. for a journey, or 20d. the first hour and 15d. for each succeeding hour. When you take them you must tell the man whether you mean to take him by the hour or not.

The gutters which run in the middle of the street keep the streets continually moistened and gently sprinkle the passengers with mud. No lady can walk in the streets, and no gentleman if in full dress.

Paris is far from being sufficiently lighted. Large lamps are suspended in the middle of the street from a rope; they are let down in order to be trimmed, the windlass on which the rope is coiled being contained in a box under lock and key. On moonlight nights only every other lamp is lit.

The carts have generally only two wheels, of

great size, thickness and diameter. The nave projects one or two feet from the wheel, and often gets entangled with other carts in these narrow streets. The French are very awkward in all their contrivances. This was seen in the Gobelins, where the threads that form the basis of the tapestry are rolled round a roller and tightened by pulling a lever tied to it, with a rope four or five men pull at this lever (in some cases, however, rack work is introduced).

Paris stands upon a much smaller space of ground than London, which is easily accounted for by the height of the houses and the narrowness of the streets. It is traversed by the River Seine, which divides it into two nearly equal parts. The most ancient part of Paris is that which is called the Cité, which is built on an island formed by the division of the river into two branches. The greatest part of Paris is surrounded by the Boulevards, which is nothing else than a wide street with broad causeway on each side, separated from the carriage road by a row of trees. There are shops and houses on each side in every other street. But besides these Boulevards, Paris is more completely encompassed by a wall or *enceinte* about eighteen miles in length. At every place where roads cross it, buildings are erected at a great expense for receiving tolls. They are the *barrières de Paris*. Not only expense, but ornament has been lavished on their construction."

FIG. 4.—PARIS IN 1802 (RUE ST. DENIS).

(*From an aquatint by Girtin.*)

To face p. 70.

The appearance of the streets of Paris in these days is well illustrated in the well-known series of aquatints published in 1803 under the title: "A Selection of Twenty of the Most Picturesque Views of Paris and its Environs, drawn and etched in the year 1802 by the late Thomas Girtin, being the only etchings by that celebrated artist, and aquatinted in exact imitation of the drawings in the collection of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Essex." J. L. Roget, in the work already referred to, writes: "The Rue St. Denis is one of the most effective in the engraved series. The street leading to the arch is filled with carts and foot-passengers, and wonderfully conveys the idea of a bustling metropolitan thoroughfare" (p. 112). This aquatint is reproduced in Fig. 4.

Regarding the Paris theatres, Dr. Roget writes as follows:—

"The *coup d'oeil* of the Theatres is not so splendid as that of the London ones. They are all illuminated by a chandelier suspended over the middle of the pit. The pit is divided into the orchestra, parquet and amphitheatre; on a level with the pit are the *baignoirs*, answering to the private boxes at Drury Lane. Above these is a row of benches, part on each side. Next the stage is the balcony, and the rest is called *Premier galerie*. Behind these is a row of boxes. The other rows succeed on the top of each other, and a second gallery rises above the whole.

Besides these are pigeon holes or *3ième loges*, in the dome of the building. Such is the plan of the *Théâtre Français*. The Opera house is, however, the largest of all the theatres, yet it is not of the size of Covent Garden. The *Théâtre Français* has a gloomy appearance; the walls of the pit are very dirty and black; the front of the boxes is quite bare of ornament. The curtain is of a dirty and dark red colour. The *Théâtre Faydeau* is a very handsome theatre. Paris has lost its most handsome theatre in the *Odéon*, which was consumed by fire."

Referring to other buildings of interest he writes:—

"Nothing can exceed the magnificence of the Tuilleries and the Louvre."

The party had moved from the Hôtel de l'Europe on March 23rd, and took up their quarters for the remainder of their stay at Madame Polier's, Rue Cadet.

During their stay in Paris, Dr. Roget and his pupils saw Napoleon in a great state procession going to the ceremony at Notre Dame on April 18, 1802, when a *Te Deum* was performed inaugurating "La Paix Religieuse" and restoring religion to the country. The "First Consul" is described as having "bowed in response to the applause of the populace. His carriage was drawn

by eight superbly decorated horses. Immediately after it came six Arabian horses led by Mamelukes from Egypt. After these marched troops to the number of 10,000. The carriages of the ambassadors followed in succession."

The little party remained in Paris almost exactly three months, leaving on May 22nd in a carriage which Dr. Roget bought in Paris. A brief description of this vehicle is worth quoting: "It is an admirable one, well adapted to our purpose, being larger than the ordinary, with double springs, so that in case of an accident to one of them the other prevents an overturn. On the top is a valise which contains our linen; under our feet is a large well where our portmanteaus went. On the boot in front was fixed our trunk filled with our books. The wheels and body are strong and everything is commodious." It cost £50.

Paris to Geneva, 1802.

Dr. Roget has left two accounts in his own handwriting of the journey from Paris to Lyons *en route* for Geneva. One, apparently written afterwards, enlarges more upon the beauties of the scenery, while the other contains more details as to travelling conditions. In what follows we have included selections from both.

"*May* 22, 1802.—After a great deal of trouble and delay in procuring passports, and much

fatigue in making the necessary arrangements for our journey, we left at eight o'clock in the morning, and we were happy when we had cleared the gates of Paris. We had been joined a week before by Edgeworth,[1] who was fortunately going to the same place and was pursuing the same route that we were. Having accordingly united our forces, we set out in the following order: our party in a French postchaise led the van, and Edgeworth and his squire brought up the rear in a chaise he had carried over from England.

In order to avoid racketing once more over the ragged pavement of Paris, we made a silent retreat by the Boulevards to Charenton, where we crossed the Seine. No sooner were we past the *barrières*, than we were struck with the sudden contrast between town and country which this abrupt transition presents. To emerge at once from the busy scenes of a large and gay metropolis,

[1] Lovell Edgeworth (1776–1841) was the son of Richard Lovell Edgeworth and brother of Maria Edgeworth, the well-known authoress. His father was expelled from France by Napoleon on account of being the supposed brother of the Abbé Edgeworth, confessor of Louis XVI. In point of fact he was only a very distant cousin of the Abbé. When this was proved, his expulsion was cancelled. Burton Philips, in one of his letters, remarks: "It is a curious thing that three relatives of Lovell Edgeworth have been witnesses of the misfortunes of kings. His great-grandmother was maid-of-honour to Henrietta Maria, and fled with her to France on the execution of Charles I. His great-grandfather commanded the Second Regiment under King William at the Battle of the Boyne, when James II was defeated. The Abbé Edgeworth was the third."

to enter from these of a sudden upon extensive plains, deserted and forlorn, appears to be the effect of magic. The country into which you are transported seems far removed from the place which you beheld but a moment before. It offers no variety to attract the attention. Undisturbed by the rumbling of wheels, you glide along lengthened avenues of trees, perfectly straight and uniform, and where the sight of an inhabitant or even the traces of a human footstep are rarely met with. Whilst the din of carriages is yet vibrating upon the ear, one is astonished at the silence that prevails in these unfrequented roads. The sounds that formerly annoyed us are banished far away. Once more we inhale the country breeze; the eye again reposes on verdure, and the mind is left at liberty to pursue unmolested the train of her reflections.

But the heat began even early in the day to be oppressive and promised to be still greater. Though we were still in May, it was almost as great as during the dog-days in England. Our plan has been to set out every day as soon as it was light, and to lay by during the hottest part of the afternoon. The first article we punctually executed, but we never found it expedient to adopt the latter. We never met with comfortable inns at the time we wanted them, and generally found our chaise more cool and pleasant than the close rooms we were shown into, so that, except stopping for breakfast, we

always preferred accomplishing at once the whole of our day's journey.

The first evening brought us no farther than Fontainebleau (about forty-five miles). We passed through a long forest over flat ground, the road being perfectly straight and with little variety. This forest occurred before Lieusaint, and in two or three places we remarked obelisks in the middle of the road, whether intended for use or ornament I know not. The approach to the town through the forest is extremely fine. Gentle risings and declivities present a pleasing variety, while large fragments of black rock scattered everywhere among the trees, and appearing at a distance like thatched cottages embosomed in the forest, have a beautiful effect by being contrasted with the lively verdure of the new foliage. The valley in which Fontainebleau is situated opens unexpectedly to the view.

The château of Fontainebleau, which we went to see in the evening, presents but a shabby outside, and the inside offers but little that is worth seeing. It has suffered, in common with so many other places, from the fury of the mob, and now, stripped of its ancient honours, it stands a monument to the devastation produced by revolutionary storms. It is converted into the central school of the department. The library is a mere depot of old editions of antiquated books; there are many copies of the same work. The castle contains six courts, with gardens behind and on one side.

We were shown in the centre of one of the artificial pieces of water adjoining one of these courts a small building in imitation of a castle, where we were told that Catherine de Medici used to shut herself up when she held her secret councils, having chosen this spot as affording her a perfect security from the danger of being overheard or interrupted. In a long gallery called the room of Francis I were faded paintings by Leonardo da Vinci. At the door of the library are statues of Charlemagne and St. Denis. The chapel is entirely pillaged. The only room which has suffered no change is the boudoir of the Queen. Superb pier-glasses occupy three of the sides: one of them reaches down to the floor, and at first sight produces the illusion of its being a passage to another room. On a terrace was a fine statue of Francis I and heads of stags. Fontainebleau is a handsome town, with wide streets and a good inn.

The next morning we again entered the wood which surrounds the town. We had already proceeded some miles when the sun rose in all its splendour and gave animation to the prospect before our eyes. Woods and rocks, as if at a given signal, caught fire, and the blaze soon overspread the forest. The fragments of rock were now grouped in more regular forms, and more distinctly exhibited the appearance of basalt. We had here the choice of two roads to Lyons; we preferred the route through the Bouronnoist to the one through Burgundy, which from the accounts

we collected is dull and uninteresting. As far as Nemours we found the country very beautiful. A river meanders on the right through cultivated meadows, while the hills on the left frequently present fine groups of rocks in which the basaltic form was still more conspicuous. Each turn of the road presented some new variety in the scene and refreshed the eye with beauties of a milder cast. If anything diminished the pleasure, it was the jolting road, which now began to be sensibly felt. We had deserted the pavement which we had hitherto enjoyed from Paris and came on more uneven and furrowed roads. The prospect, however, made ample amends. The richness of the pasturage, always to be expected near banks of a river, the variety of the produce, exhibiting a succession of corn and of grass with numerous ash-trees, together with the frequent brooks that anticipated satiety and kept the attention awake, concurred in filling the mind with the most agreeable images and soothing it by most agreeable diversity.

A fine opening before we came to Croisière discovered to us a church on an eminence which for many miles crowned the distant scene. The valley widens as we pass it, and it now loses visibly in point of beauty, every mile that we advance, till it at length degenerates into barren and sandy plains, over which we should have willingly slumbered if the jolting of the carriage on its rough and stony roads would have permitted us. The

cattle bore a diminutive appearance. The road passed through a remarkably fine avenue of tall poplars, which for three miles were perfectly regular. We breakfasted at Fontenay, at a miserable inn.

The country is dull after Montarnis and Commodité. It brightened for a time when we passed through a wood, but it soon relapsed into barren and sandy tracts, tedious and uninteresting. The half of a tedious day was spent in crossing this dull tract of country, the savageness of which appeared in many parts not to have been confined to the land. The inhabitants seemed to have caught the infection. If the soil was uncongenial to vegetation, the disposition of its possessors did not seem more favourable to the progress of civilization. But the face of nature suddenly revived as we approached the Loire. Once more the land yielded to the plough, the fields resumed their verdure and symptoms of prosperity began to appear.

It was at a little distance from Briare that this welcome change took place. No sooner did the peaceful Loire disclose itself to our view than the features of the country were immediately softened. The slow and almost imperceptible motion of its waters diffused a placid tranquillity over the scene. Vineyards now for the first time began to be frequent, and we gathered flowers in full bloom which in the rough climate of Britain were not yet unfolded from the bud. We pursued the course of the river the rest of the day, and

took up our night's lodging at Cosne,[1] finding a good inn. We were struck with the cleanliness of the inhabitants and the neatness of their dress, sure tokens of comfort and domestic happiness. At the inns we were often plagued with a number of women asking us to buy knives, corkscrews, gloves and trinkets.

Higher than Cosne and Pouilly, the river is straggling in its course, and divides its waters into many petty streams; each, unmindful of the rest, pursues its way through the sands with careless indifference. We observed but few boats. The little depth of the river appeared from its looking of a very light blue colour. We passed through a pleasant country to La Charité. The ruins of a large and extensive castle and ramparts struck us at the entrance; we were told it was the remains of a military post. A large manufactory of buttons appeared on the south side of the town; the trade was very dull. We had now been ushered into a very rich and well cultivated country, intersected by enclosures, a sight to which we had long been unaccustomed. In the valleys a great variety of gay and pleasing landscapes passed before us in rapid succession, and wherever we came upon rising ground we were gratified with rich and enchanting prospects.

[1] This made the day's run seventy-five miles, of which twenty-five were done before breakfast. According to Burton Philips, the start was made the next morning at 3 a.m., and thirty miles were traversed before the party stopped for breakfast at Nevers.

We reached Moulins,[1] a large town, that night. Again we were persecuted with offers of purchasing trinkets. What are manufactured in the town are made of glass beads. The quay above the bridge was crowded with shipping. In the evening, as we were walking round the ramparts, we were serenaded by a Dutch concert. Among the great variety of musicians, of which it would be difficult to enumerate even the kinds, a few of the ablest only can be particularized. The principal performers were the frogs; ducks bore a leading part, crows and grasshoppers frequently intermingled their melodious notes; peacocks lent their aid, and asses occasionally joined when there was a full chorus. Each in turn bore away the palm of loudness, but the frogs seemed most ambitious of distinction. All strained their throats to hail the approaching thunderstorm. The air was perfectly calm, when a sudden whirlwind surprised us before we could tell from which direction it came. Clouds of dust were in an instant raised on every side and enveloped us in their vortex. We sought for shelter.

The next day brought us among mountains. We continued our route in the morning[2] through

[1] Burton Philips describes Moulins as of modest size, and enlarges upon the dirtiness of the inn. He further writes: "At every village the vulcans of the place are very officious, expecting that the carriage may have broken a spring or something. One of them expressed his disappointment aloud, saying: '*Ah! Diable! il n'y a rien cassé.*'" This makes the day's journey about eighty-two miles.

[2] Starting, as usual, at three o'clock.

a very rich and well cultivated country. We enjoyed a fine prospect in our descent to Gerand le Puy, whence we observed for the first time a distant range of mountains in form much resembling the Pentlands, but more extensive, and as we approached nearer we found them more woody. As we had these hills in sight for two days and passed over part of them, we saw them in a variety of different aspects. They were the "Montagnes des Forêts." Basaltic appearance again struck us.

On the top of a hill near Droiturier we had a magnificent prospect of an extensive plain, terminated by a fine range of mountains in Auvergne, lifting their bold forms about the distant horizon. We were then near sixty miles from them. This range is terminated on the right by the Puy de Dôme, a mountain rendered for ever famous by the experiments of Pascal.[1] On the left a beautifully cultivated plain appeared.

We passed the night at Roanne.[2] It is a clean town. We went into a church where there had been a christening. At the inn we observed friction wheels under the snuffer pan, ingenuity lavished to facilitate motion in a machine not intended to be moved. The bridge at Roanne not being finished, we were obliged to ferry over

[1] In these experiments, which were carried out in 1648, a barometer was carried up the mountain, and it was demonstrated for the first time how the column of mercury stood at a reduced height owing to the diminution of the atmospheric pressure.

[2] Completing a day's drive of about fifty-two miles.

the Loire, an operation which was performed with the greatest ease and quickness by means of a rope which goes across the river and a sliding pulley. We now bade a final adieu to the Loire. The road continues rough and mountainous all the way to Lyons. Our carriages sustained without injury the formidable descent of Mont Tarare. We were disappointed of the prospect we expected from the summit. We ascended an eminence armed with our telescopes, in hopes of commanding the wide horizon that opened to our view, but alas! a thick mist hung over the majestic range of the Alps, and the hoary head of Mont Blanc was wrapt in an impenetrable veil.

But we soon forgot the disappointment in contemplating the valley into which we now slowly descended. Its beauties gradually unfold themselves as we approach, new objects are discovered at every step, the prospect still gains imperceptibly, till the attention is suddenly roused by the wonderful effect of their assemblage in one enchanting scene. Softness in the individual parts is happily united with a romantic wildness in the whole, gentle slopes harmonizing with the bold general outline, varied by the different hues of wood and meadow, to which the clearness of the atmosphere gave particular brightness, with here and there a humble cottage, where content and peace appeared to dwell. A scene like this would at all times have highly gratified us, but after three months' confinement in the atmosphere of Paris it was capable

of inspiring us with transport. After breakfasting at Tarare we proceeded on our way to Lyons,[1] where we arrived at four in the afternoon and got good lodgings at an hotel.

The environs of Lyons are delightful; the town itself must have been very fine before the Revolution; but all its days of prosperity are now past. No part of France has suffered more from the turbulence and barbarity of the times; the direful effects of the Revolution are everywhere visible. Many of the finest parts of the town lie heaps of ruins. With a population estimated at 150,000, none has the courage to step forward. The spirit of enterprise seems totally extinguished, and all is at a stand. Nor shall we think it wonderful that it is so, if we but listen to the details of the most horrible of sieges.[2] Events like this are enough to shake to its foundation our confidence in the course of things, and by making us distrust all views into futurity, teach us to confine them

[1] The length of this day's journey amounted to about forty miles.

[2] The siege referred to took place in 1793, when the army of the National Convention besieged the friends of the Constitutional Government, who had previously ousted the Terrorists. The siege lasted sixty-three days, but the town, reduced by famine, capitulated October 9, 1793, and hundreds of its inhabitants and defenders were marched out and shot *en masse* in the famous *Fusillades*. Lyons as a town was declared to be abolished, but Carlisle writes: "Had Lyons been of soft stuff, it had all vanished in those weeks, and the Jacobin prophecy had been fulfilled. But towns are not built of soap-froth; Lyons town is built of stone. Lyons, though it rebelled against the Republic, is to this day."

to present and more immediate concerns. Time must obliterate their memory before their effects can cease and before the drooping commerce of Lyons can revive and lift up her head.

We left Lyons at eight in the morning of the 4th of June. The day was exceedingly hot. We followed the left bank of the Rhône all the day ; indeed, the whole way from Lyons to Geneva the road does not once cross the river. The road goes along the brow of a hill ; its windings allow frequent glimpses of Lyons. It is in these views that Lyons displays its greatest magnificence. At Montalieul we lose sight of the Rhône, nor do we find it again till the spot where it loses itself at Bellegarde.[1] A mist deprived us of the view of the Alps. The river seemed for a time to have suspended its impetuosity and flowed in a more equable stream. The roads were exceedingly good and the country fertile and well cultivated. We halted at Pont d'Ain, where the civility of our host and the cleanliness of everything about us persuaded us to deviate from our intention and to stop and eat what we then called a luncheon, which afterwards passed for a dinner. The road from this place begins to wear a picturesque aspect. A small river meanders through between rocks, partly bare and partly clothed with verdure. The valley improved in beauty as we advanced, the hills increased in height, and their

[1] The famous "Perte du Rhône," where the Rhône pursues a subterranean course for a hundred and twenty yards. Owing to industrial developments, that is not now the case.

form began to assume a boldness which denoted the approach into a mountainous district. At the end of this valley we found a small village,[1] the inhabitants of which flocked around our carriage as if unaccustomed to the rattle of a carriage. We found by the preparations that were made that we were to have a considerable ascent. Five horses were yoked to each of our carriages and two additional guides escorted us. We all got out and ascended in silence. The ascent promised to be extremely beautiful. Wishing to enjoy it without interruption, I soon outstripped my companions and thus had leisure to admire. The hill forms a continued ascent for three miles on the side of the mountain; the valley below is about three miles in length, and without being perfectly straight, is yet sufficiently so to allow frequent opportunities of enjoying the whole in one view. It is formed by two mountains, which are steep, yet covered with vegetation to the summit."

The account here breaks off. It appears that the night was spent at Bellegarde.[2] Dr. Roget and his pupils finally completed their journey and arrived at Geneva on June 5th. They stayed with an old friend of Dr. Roget, M. David Chauvet,[3]

[1] This was the village of Cerdun.

[2] Having completed a day's journey of fifty miles. The remaining ten miles to Geneva bring up the total distance by road from Paris to 355 miles.

[3] Dr. Roget as a boy had lived for several years (1784–93) with M. and Mme. Chauvet in Kensington Square, London, when M. Chauvet acted as his tutor.

at Paquis, just outside the town. M. Chauvet had not the space to put them up actually in his own house, but obtained accommodation for them near by. Here they settled down and the pupils commenced their studies. During August they made a tour of the glacier district near Chamonix in company with other friends named Bannerman and Roman, during which they made ascents of the Montanvert, Brévent, and the Col de Balme, and returned via Lausanne. It is worthy of record that the guide employed by the party was the celebrated Jacques Balmat, reputed to be the first person who ascended Mont Blanc.[1]

In the October they removed to M. Chauvet's town house in the Rue Beauregard, but unfortunately M. Chauvet was taken ill and died on February 9th. The party therefore found other quarters with M. Peschier (a pastor) and his wife. Otherwise the winter was uneventful and showed little indication of the troubles that were to come. Indeed, it was not till the following May that any indication of anxiety as to the international situation is reflected in any of their letters.

It must be remembered that at this time Geneva was temporarily French territory, having been annexed by France after a period of strife and

[1] Although attempts had been made before, the summit of Mont Blanc was only reached for the first time by Jacques Balmat in 1786. He was accompanied by Dr. Michel Paccard, but the latter was overcome by exhaustion before the goal was reached, Balmat struggling on alone, and afterwards rescuing Dr. Paccard. This was the year before the famous ascent of De Saussure.

disorder in 1798, i.e. during the interval since our first glimpse of Switzerland in these pages. In one of young Philips's letters it is stated that the town was garrisoned by 3,000 French soldiers. The gates were shut at 10 p.m., and any person found without a lantern after that hour was put into the *Corps de Garde*, and in the morning taken before the Mayor. He goes on further to say, "Many English do much harm by their extravagance, though it is said that they do not spend as much as they did before the war."

CHAPTER V

1803 :
THE ESCAPE FROM IMPRISONMENT

WE cannot do better than give in Dr. Roget's own words particulars of the change that came over the situation and the succeeding events.

"During the winter of 1802–3, which we spent at Geneva, we had frequently indulged our fancy in arranging the plan of our summer occupations, in projecting various parties of pleasure on the lake and neighbouring mountains, and in chalking out our route through Switzerland in the tour we intended to make in that enchanting country. But these brilliant prospects received a sudden check from the news of the King's warlike message to the House.[1]

It is curious that the Genevese did not at first regard this declaration in as serious a light as it

[1] The King's Speech to Parliament contained important announcements relative to the strengthening of the Navy and Army, in view of the increasing strain on the relations between Napoleon and Britain, due to the former having openly flouted the terms of the Treaty of Amiens.

deserved, though it required no extraordinary foresight in Englishmen to perceive that the tone assumed by both countries must lead to a speedy rupture. I found in all the companies I went into that the general opinion was that matters would be accommodated, and if I ever ventured to express opposite sentiments, they were treated with the ridicule attached to him who views evil in everything and delights in contemplating the dark side of every picture. During the whole period of subsequent negotiation they seemed very reluctant to admit the continually increasing probability of an event which from the beginning might easily have been anticipated.

Many circumstances contributed to render our situation during this interval extremely perplexing. The letters I received from Manchester expressed it as the general opinion in England that the differences between the two countries would be ultimately adjusted, and Mr. Philips wished us to remain at Geneva till the autumn if it appeared that we might do so with safety. He mentioned the Duke of Bedford's late arrival at Paris as naturally leading to the supposition that he would not have left England without a certainty of being comfortable in France. My young friends were warmly attached to Geneva, and very anxious to spend the summer there if possible. All my friends were unanimous in their opinion that no possible inconvenience, far less danger, could be incurred by delaying our return to England, and

that even in the event of a war we should be allowed to stay or go where we pleased. They adduced instances of several Englishmen who had resided at Geneva during the last war. Whatever might happen, the Government could not do otherwise than give us timely intimation if they wished us to depart, and allow us the necessary time for leaving the territory. In our situation, indeed, an hour's notice was all that we had need of, as we were within six miles of the frontier. Had I been influenced by these considerations alone, I should certainly have remained in perfect tranquillity where I was, and left it to future events to decide upon the measures to be adopted. But I felt all the while a reluctance to remain in an enemy's country. To accept protection from a foe, to eat of his bread, to be sheltered under his roof, was repugnant to every feeling of delicacy. The idea that you are treading upon hostile ground, that you are surrounded with persons who are breathing hatred towards your country and plotting its destruction, is particularly grating to every sentiment of patriotism. To remain by choice in such a situation was voluntarily resigning a title of which we ought to be proud, and to disclaim all the ties which bind us to our country. The only circumstance that could make it endurable was that we were surrounded by friends warmly attached to our interests and devoted to our cause, to whom we could open our minds without reserve, and from whom we could never expect

to perceive any symptoms of our being in an enemy's country.

We had picked up an acquaintance with the Commandant of the town, who lived underneath us, in the ground floor of the same house. He was not backward in his protestations of friendship and assurances of our safety under his immediate protection.

Notwithstanding these favourable appearances, I did not neglect to hold ourselves in readiness to depart whenever it should become necessary. I thought it desirable, however, to remain quiet for the present; for, as affairs were now evidently drawing very near to a crisis, there was danger, had we immediately set out for Calais, of our finding on our arrival all communication with Dover interrupted, while at Geneva we were so near the frontier that we could easily get out of the French territory. On the other hand, to undertake a tedious journey through Germany in order to return to England, while a chance remained of our being allowed to pass by the direct road, was considered as too precipitate a step. The determination of the French Government with regard to us would soon be known, and we might shape our course accordingly. The French official paper, indeed, frequently intimated that the English would be allowed to remain in France unmolested.

It was at length announced that Lord Whitworth [1]

[1] The breaking off of the negotiations between England and France was signalized by the withdrawal of the British Ambassador,

had left Paris, but the news came qualified with the intelligence that Buonaparte had sent a courier after him with fresh concessions and pressing solicitations for his return. Thus we were amused from day to day with contradictory accounts. We now made serious preparations for our departure, and expected shortly to receive orders to leave the French territory. On Friday, the 27th May, we had been at a party given by the Commandant. I remarked that no other English but ourselves were present, the company consisting chiefly of French officers and the authorities of the town, the Mayor and Prefect. The Commandant observed to me that he could not invite any other English on account of the departure of our Ambassador. I thought I perceived a change in his manner and particular coldness towards us. It was late when we retired, and it was then that the Philipses told me of a vague report that news had arrived from Lyons of the detention of all the English that were there. The nature of this report, as well as the source from

Lord Whitworth, from Paris on May 10, 1803. Among the immediate causes of the rupture was the refusal by Napoleon of an offer of England to evacuate Malta if French troops were immediately withdrawn from Holland. Napoleon had not intended to precipitate the resumption of hostilities so soon, as he wanted time to reorganize his naval forces, and he had not regarded the Malta offer as genuine. Angry at his mistake, he was prepared to vent his spite upon any English subjects whom he could lay his hands upon, and, as will be seen, ordered the detention of all Englishmen of military age then travelling in French territory. Actual naval warfare commenced on March 18, 1803, leading to Napoleon's determined attempt to invade Great Britain.

which it came, did not entitle it to the slightest credit.

About eight o'clock the next morning Burton entered my room, followed by Moré, a person who let out horses, informing us that all the English at Sécheron[1] had set off early that morning for Switzerland, certain intelligence having reached them of the "arrestation" of the English at Lyons. He offered us horses at any time that we should want them, and left us to consult as to what we should do. I did not hesitate to attempt an escape if it were not already too late. We had our carriage at Voirembé [or Varembé], two miles from Geneva; thither I determined to go, and ordered horses to be sent there. I took fifteen louis in my pocket, and looked everywhere for the key of our chaise, but in vain. Having each put a couple of shirts in a bundle, and ordered François to take it to Edgeworths at Sécheron, and there to leave it, we were going to sally forth, but reflecting that it would be better, in order to prevent confusion, to apprise Mme. Peschier of our intention, we communicated to her the news in private, and scarcely waiting to hear what she could say in reply, we left the house and went to some of our friends in order to give them notice of their danger. We first called upon Pattison; we found M. Prévost with him, who had heard of the report, but gave it no credit whatever. He told us that

[1] Sécheron was about one mile north-east of Geneva, just within the frontier.

the Paris dispatches of that day had been received, and that they contained no orders that in any way related to us. He spoke of this in the most positive terms. We might stay, he said, in Geneva in perfect safety; but if we meant to go, there was at any rate no circumstance that justified a precipitate flight. We then went to Davidson and Maude; on our way thither we reflected on what M. Prévost had told us with respect to the actual arrival of the dispatches and the improbability that there was any ground for the panic which had seized the other English. The Philipses were decidedly of opinion that we were too precipitate. I then determined to go home alone, and appointing a place of rendezvous for the Philipses, to inquire into the truth of the matter and to return to tell them of the result. When I came to our house, I saw General Dupuch looking quietly out of his window; he had heard of our alarm, and assured us that there was not the least foundation for it. He had just opened his dispatches; they contained nothing of the kind. 'Did you suppose,' said he, 'that you would have been more in safety in Switzerland than here? Quite the reverse; the order, if it had come, would have extended as well to Switzerland as to Geneva.' He then assured us that if such orders had arrived he would have certainly given us notice underhand, previous to their being put into execution. These assurances, which, coming from the Commandant, we might in some measure

consider as official, entirely quieted our fears, which were the subject of much laughter and merriment during breakfast. In my own mind, however, I took a fixed determination not to wait the arrival of the next courier from Paris and to expose ourselves to the possibility of another alarm.

Breakfast was scarcely over before M. Prévost came into my room, and told me that he was just come from the Prefect's office, and that there was more truth in the news than he had apprehended. Orders were, in fact, issued to arrest all English above eighteen years of age. He advised us to be off without losing a moment. We did not require this advice to be twice given us. We just shook M. and Mme. Peschier by the hand, flew out of the house, ordered horses from Moré's to be sent to Voirembé, and were hastening out of the town, when we met Mr. Ansley, who told us that Edgeworth was at Mr. Hentsch's. Thither I accordingly went, and found a large circle of ladies and one gentleman in the counting-house. They were talking with great eagerness of the subject of our present alarm. The Marchioness of Donegal asked me a few questions relative to it. All was in confusion at the counting-house; Mr. Hentsch exhibited the picture of despair. I took bills of exchange for the money we had with him, and we again sallied forth. We passed the gates without impediment, and proceeded along a dusty road and in a scorching sun to Voirembé. We

examined our carriage; the key had been mislaid; there was no means of opening the door. There was only one way of getting in, and that was by the windows. This we did as well as we could, as soon as the horses arrived. The loss of this key was a most unlucky circumstance, as we should have been obliged to alight from our carriage in passing Versoix in order to be searched by the custom house, and our getting out by the windows would have awakened too many suspicions. We therefore stopped at Sécheron, where there was a blacksmith, in order to have the lock picked. While this was doing, Déjean came into the yard. He knew positively that orders had been sent to Versoix by a courier to stop all those who should pass that way. Gendarmes had also been sent in all directions to guard every possible avenue to Switzerland. The most active measures had indeed been taken to prevent our escape. Early in the morning every person who let horses was summoned to appear and ordered to sign a paper promising not to let horses during that day. A proclamation to the same effect had been issued, and Edgeworth had heard it upon the *Treille* [1] as he was leaving the town.

We were all damped by the intelligence of our escape being already prevented. We offered Edgeworth a place in our carriage, which he refused, and, indeed, I was extremely discouraged at the idea of proceeding, with the certain prospect before

[1] A promenade in the higher part of the town.

my eyes of being arrested, and perhaps brought back by an escort and worse used than if I quietly submitted. While I was yet deliberating, in came young Necker, bringing me a note from Mme. Peschier, informing me that the Commandant required all above eighteen to surrender themselves within twenty-four hours, as they would otherwise be regarded as prisoners of war; that the same steps had been taken in Switzerland, and that all those who were found there would be obliged to go to the *Commandant du lieu.*

We considered this intelligence as so far advantageous that it allowed us a little time for breathing and for reflecting upon what we were to do. Nothing, in the first place, was required of us before the twenty-four hours had elapsed. We might still have time to escape, if they wished to connive at our departure; and if, on the other hand, they wished to stop us, the order to the frontier had already been sent, and must before that time have arrived. We further considered that to be arrested in Switzerland, to be dragged before some unknown Commandant in a strange place, would have been more distressing than any confinement in a place where the inhabitants were so well disposed towards us, and where we could expect every indulgence from the known mildness of the magistracy.

Thus, after mature deliberation, did we resolve upon returning once more to Geneva. We had no sooner entered our house than we received a visit

from the Commandant, who came strutting into the room with an air of importance. He read us his orders constituting all the English above eighteen prisoners of war, and required our surrender before the noon of the following day. All the other English were to appear before the Prefect on Monday. Again he told us that similar orders had been issued in Switzerland, and that those who had set off in the morning would be too happy to receive permission to return to Geneva.

It did not, however, escape our observation that the order was so expressed as to include only military men, and as it appeared in print could admit of no other interpretation. It appeared in this light to everybody. The Secretary of the Prefecture, as we learnt from Dr. Odier, was also of this opinion, and the Commissary of Police, who came in the evening to take our names, was convinced that the General had mistaken his instructions. The night was passed in the fond persuasion that I was free, and the first rays of the sun which shot athwart my curtains awakened me with the same idea of liberty, which was so much the sweeter as, for a moment, I had thought it lost. I had determined the preceding evening not to obey the summons of the Commandant to surrender myself before noon of Sunday. There was no way sufficiently delicate that occurred to me of undeceiving the touchy Commandant with respect to the error I supposed he had committed. To think of convincing him by open opposition

would have awakened his pride and would perhaps have called forth his resentment. I determined to shield myself under the order of the Commissary of Police, who had dispensed me from appearing before the Commandant, but enjoined me to come with the others before the Prefect. This resolution I had declared the preceding evening to M. Peschier. I observed that he appeared somewhat uneasy as to the issue of this step. I was adhering to my purpose and was silently letting the time prescribed elapse, when at about half-past eleven I was informed by M. Peschier that Dupuch had in reality been perfectly correct. He had had a long conversation with him in the morning. We were soon afterwards joined by Mme. Peschier, who corroborated that account. She told us that Dupuch had received, beside the orders he read to us yesterday, secret orders of a much more explicit nature which he had showed to her. These expressly enjoined him to detain all the English above eighteen, without making the least exception, or listening to any pretext whatever; and that in case of the slightest endeavour on our part to evade the decree, or the slightest expression of disobedience, he was to send us with an escort of gendarmerie to the castle of Montmelian in Savoy, and to deliver us over to the custody of the Commandant of the fortress. That such were his instructions was but too true, for Mme. Peschier had read them herself. She had likewise been told by Dupuch that gendarmes had been stationed in

every avenue of the frontier in order to seize all the English who should attempt to escape. We saw the Commandant a short time after: he confirmed the greater part of what we had heard from Mme. Peschier, though without mentioning the consequences of disobedience. He said that the time was prolonged till Tuesday noon, because the business at the Prefecture would take up all the morning of Monday. He was particular in his assurances of the folly of escaping or of resistance to these orders. Mme. Peschier, when he had gone, informed us that he had told her that gendarmes had been stationed everywhere on the frontiers to seize all the English who should attempt to escape. After this we had nothing more to do than to resign ourselves to our fate. He let us know that an attempt to escape would oblige him to imprison us.

I took a walk in the evening beyond Sécheron, intending to communicate what I knew to Edgeworth, but did not find him at home. I enjoyed for the last time the magnificent spectacle of the glaciers, which then appeared in all their grandeur, and of the contrasting sweetness of the opposite shores of the lake, which that evening assumed a most peaceful stillness. The air was uncommonly clear and the setting sun tipped all the snowy summits of the Alps with fire, till at length Mont Blanc, standing aloof from the rest, was alone refulgent with its beams, and received alone the parting rays. The sun which was again to

enlighten them would find me in captivity. Insurmountable barriers would, in that short interval, have been interposed between me and the scene I was contemplating, nor could I tell when I should be permitted again to behold them.

On Monday (May 30th) we all appeared before the Prefect. He behaved to us with great politeness, and admitted as sufficient proof of the ages of the Philipses what had been marked on their passports. He declared them perfectly free. On my mentioning that I was not in the Militia, he replied that he had no power to decide upon any question of that kind, but that if I had any representation to make he would be happy to forward it to Paris. I accordingly drew up a petition, which I delivered to him myself.

The Prefect took our passports, which were all on the same sheet, in order to take a note of the ages of the Philipses. He told me that he would send it to me to-morrow. I offered to call for it, but he told me there was no occasion to give myself the trouble.

The next day I went with Edgeworth to the Commandant to give him our parole. He then read to us his secret orders. Edgeworth inscribed his name and deposited his passport. I could not do the same, mine being at the Prefecture. I promised the Commandant to come to him as soon as I received it.

On Tuesday morning all of the English inscribed their names. My passport did not arrive. At

half-past twelve the Commandant sent for me in a violent hurry and met me half-way upstairs. He was in a violent passion at me for not having given him my passport. I told him that I had not received it. He told me that it was my business to go for it. I did go for it, but could not get it till the evening."

The complete account from which the last paragraph is quoted breaks off here, but from an abridged account, evidently made afterwards, and also in Dr. Roget's handwriting, we learn that he did actually give his parole in the same day as his friend Edgeworth. In this latter account he adds :—

"We were now completely in the power of the French Government, who had thus doubly enchained us; guarding us not only by physical force, but enchaining us also by the invincible bonds of honour. It may be easily conceived with what reluctance we obeyed this last order. We hesitated long before we complied, and it was not till after the Commandant at length showed us his secret orders to imprison us in Montmelain that we gave the terrible promise, and we were the last of the English that did so."

Both accounts break off here, but it would appear that Dr. Roget addressed a second petition to the Commandant, in almost exactly the same

words as that which he had addressed to the Prefect.

This apparently produced no result, and Dr. Roget submitted a third "reclamation," addressed this time to the French Minister of War himself in Paris.

Dr. Roget takes up the story again as follows :—

"It would be useless to enumerate the various reports which were hatched and industriously circulated about the measures of the Government, the number of English arrested, the causes of this order, the detention of French ships,[1] etc. It was curious to remark the gradual change of public opinion with respect to it. At first all thought that it would not last above a few days, that it would cease when it had been ascertained who were not in the Militia, and that it would cease entirely when the ships detained were released. Negotiations were still pending. Courier after courier arrived, but no change in the measure and no answers to simple questions about it. We waited a fortnight the answer to our reclamations. No such answer arrived. It was daily expected. A little more patience was preached to us. The Government had so many to look over that it could not be expected it would answer them immediately.

[1] The immediate pretext for the order for the detention of the English travellers was the capture of certain French ships by the British Navy.

I firmly thought I should obtain my liberty without difficulty merely by the statement I made of my situation. Everybody nourished this opinion. They thought that if the Government was accessible to the least sentiment of justice and humanity I should succeed in my application. How little did they know them; and yet one would think that they had sufficient experience of their duplicity. I had always in reserve the measure of declaring myself Genevese. I thought I could do it at any time, and that it was better to try all other means before I made use of this, to which I had naturally some reluctance. It was better to go out as English, if possible, than as French. Delay could do no harm; it could not invalidate any of my rights, and I gained time to concert my measures.

In the meantime the horizon darkened and clouds gathered. We gradually lost hopes of any remission of rigour from the Government: never was extinction of hope more gradual.

Our situation became by degrees more and more unpleasant in proportion as it was known that the English Government was determined to carry on the war with vigour. We were regarded with more and more jealousy. The soldiers looked at us with sneering faces as we passed, the Jacobins eyed us with a darker scowl. We were more and more beset with spies. One called on us under pretence of charity. I discovered that my German master was a rank Jacobin.

He beset me with questions. Every time we walked out we were followed, and all that we said was listened to. If two or three assembled on the *Treille*, it was reported in town that the English had met together and talked in high terms against the Government. Various reports were circulated against us: that we were meditating escape; that some had actually escaped; that one had fought a duel with a French officer and killed him, and a multitude of others, more ridiculous the one than the other. They were mere ephemera that did not survive the day of their birth, but they continually harassed us and left their sting behind. The *polissons* mocked us as we passed, but orders were given strictly to forbid this. Our house was particularly marked, and reports that we talked politics continually were circulated. Edgeworth's servant discovered this at a club of Jacobins into which he got unsuspectingly.

After the first alarm of deportation to Verdun, I revolved in my mind projects of escape. I meditated various ways of disengaging myself from my parole, telling the Commandant that I gave him back my parole, risking being sent to Montmelian and bribing the escort. The Genevese project I seriously took into consideration. At length, after long meditation and many restless and anxious nights, a fortunate idea of combining the two plans presented itself: that of declaring to the Commandant that I was Genevese and as such did not any longer consider myself his prisoner

and on parole. The moment I had said this I was to amuse the Commandant by pretending to go to the Prefect, etc., and this was the moment of decamping. I was to walk out of the town shabbily dressed in my greatcoat, old hat, crab stick, dark pantaloons, and red handkerchief round my neck, wearing my nightshirt without a frill and a dirty waistcoat. I should have passed out by the Porte neuve, the least suspected gate, because the most opposite to my real route. If I had met anybody I was to tell them I was going to bathe in the Arve. I was, in fact, to take that road, and meeting a man to whom I was not to speak, but whom I was to follow twenty yards behind, should have walked behind Hermance through a wood to a boat on the shore, which he would have provided for me. We should have crossed the lake at Coppet, gone on in a charabanc to Rolle, thence through Switzerland by by-roads out into Germany. The Philipses, of course, would have been sent off some time before, probably to Constance. They should not have known where they were going till the moment they set out, but I should have made them believe they were going to M. Blanchenay at Morges.

I executed all the parts of this plan perfectly. It took some time to arrange them, to have every part in readiness. At length all was ready, and it required only to fix the time and to set fire to the train. Unfortunately, events obliged me to precipitate the execution and change it con-

siderably. I was crossing the dinner *salon* to go to my room, when I perceived Mme. de Staël[1] in the parlour with the Peschiers and Davidson. I entered. I had not sat down two minutes when she suddenly turned to me and said in English: 'I have very bad news for you. You are going all to be sent to Verdun: I have it from an unquestionable source. No reclamations will be attended to. You will set out in about a week.' She then turned to Mme. Peschier and talked French. Soon afterwards she added in English: 'All the English in Switzerland are arrested. Lord J. Campbell and Dr. Robertson have been stopped at Baden; the former has escaped in woman's clothes, the latter is in confinement.' She then apologized to Mme. Peschier for talking English, saying that she could not resist every opportunity of improving herself in the language. She soon left the room. I accompanied her downstairs, and she spoke to me a few words more on the subject, especially enjoining secrecy. I begged permission to communicate it to Edgeworth, to which she, after some hesitation, consented.

[1] Mme. de Staël (1766–1817) was the wife of Baron de Staël Holstein, Swedish Minister in Paris, and was the daughter of the famous Jacques Necker (1733–1804), originally a Genevese banker, who became Finance Minister to Louis XVI. During the "Terror" Mme. de Staël was a refugee in England, but had afterwards returned to Paris, where she remained till Napoleon, on becoming First Consul, ordered her to leave. At the time we are considering she was staying with her father at Coppet, near Geneva. Dr. Roget had met her in the previous summer at Lausanne.

Thunderstruck at this news, which deranged my schemes so much and left me so little time to execute them, exposed the Philipses and raised so many difficulties in my way through Switzerland, I took, however, my resolution from that instant to send away the Philipses. I went immediately to their room, and told them to prepare to leave Geneva the next day for Morges, and let them into the knowledge of Verdun, but enjoining secrecy. I walked to Edgeworth at Sécheron in a burning sun and communicated to him the news. He disbelieved it.

We, however, resolved to carry my plan of escape into execution, and Tuesday was the day fixed upon. This was Saturday.

Sunday, July 17th.—Endeavoured to speak to the Commandant, but could not get a sight of him. He was at parade. Dodged him all day, but he went out to dine in the country.

18th.—Went to him early in the morning. Told him that I meant to send away the Philipses to Morges. He exclaimed against it. I told him I had received orders from their parents. He told me he had received answers to all the reclamations, that they were all refused, and that he had orders 'de vous faire partir,' and added, 'Je me suis déjà compromis en l'éloignement.' 'If that is the case, I shall reclame myself,' said I. 'I am a French citizen, et je ne me considère point comme votre prisonnier.' 'Ce ne sont pas mes affaires,' he said; 'allez vite au Maire et au Préfet,

vous n'avez pas un moment à perdre.' I turned back and asked him whether the orders would be executed in a week. 'Much sooner than that,' he answered; 'perhaps the day after to-morrow.' I went to breakfast. He came up while I was breakfasting, seemed surprised to find me still there, repeated his news, and asked me very slyly whether I had received intimation of it before. I replied in the negative. He told me that I ought not to lose a moment. 'Stop,' said I, 'till I have swallowed a mouthful of milk.' I then, instead of going to the Maire, went to Prévost and consulted with him. He advised me to be very cautious, and perplexed me terribly. I went to the Mairie. The Maire was absent. Picot, the substitute, told me that all was easy. They looked into the books for my name; it was not to be found, but at length they did find it. Prévost ran in with the treaty in his hand. The point was clear: I was only to get my father's and grandfather's name, etc. I went to my uncle's for this,[1] meditating my prospects. Prévost at my heels ran after me, advising me to go directly to the Prefect. I hesitated. I put him off. Once he penetrated me—at least, I thought so. He said that all escape would be physically impossible. To this I did not appear to pay the least attention. I was resolved to avoid going to the Prefect's as much as possible, and to push

[1] This uncle was Jean Samuel Roget (born 1747), his father's only brother, and an engraver by profession.

on my project of escape, which now could not hurt the English. I thought I could accomplish it as before. I returned home, settled affairs with the Philipses, and did nothing that day. Next morning (July 19th) the Philipses set off.[1] I went home. The next day I was to escape. I went, however, to the Mairie; got the necessary formalities accorded with some trouble. I was now Genevese and none could touch me. I could, however, get no passport. I asked M. Picot for it, but he begged me to wait till the return of the Maire. I met the Commandant. He told me that I must go to the Prefect. . . ."

The full account from which we have been quoting breaks off here, but the doings during the remainder of the day are summarized in a briefer diary as follows :—

"Got a duplicate of the certificate from the Mairie. Went to the Prefect; saw him. He assured me that I should not go to Verdun as the rest were to go, but I must wait an answer from Paris and present to him my petition. Called on Mr. Hentsch (banker); gave the petition to the Prefect."

We are fortunate in possessing the original document which Dr. Roget obtained from the

[1] Dr. Roget accompanied them as far as Sécheron.

Maire certifying his Genevese citizenship. It is worded as follows :—

"Le Maire de la Ville de Genève certifie que le Citoyen Jean Roget, né le 30 mars 1751, étoit citoyen de la ci-devant République de Genève, et que son fils Pierre Marc Roget, né le 18 Janvier 1779 à Londres, a conservé sa qualité de ci-devant Genevois, en vertu de laquelle, et d'après l'article 1er du traité de réunion, en ces termes, 'Les Genevois absens ne seront point considerés comme émigrés. Ils pourront en tous tems revenir en France et s'y établir,' etc. Le dit Pierre Marc Roget a déclaré voulour de fixer dans sa patrie et jouir des droits attachés à la qualité de Citoyen français. Et s'est fait inscrire sur le tableau de la Commune.

Genève le 29 messidor an 11.[1]

(*Signed*) PICOT, *adjt.*
GERVAIS, *S. en chef.*"

The document bears the stamp of the Mairie of the Commune of Geneva, French Republic.

The narrative is best continued by giving the following, which is apparently the draft of a letter to his pupils. It is, however, uncompleted, and may not have ever reached them.

"MY DEAREST FRIENDS,

You will, I am afraid, have been alarmed at the sudden message I sent to you to remove

[1] July 17, 1803.

from Lausanne to Neuchâtel. You must surely, however, have believed I took this step for very good reasons. Personal safety, as your father has often said, must be paramount to every other consideration, and I had good reason at that time to doubt your being in safety at Lausanne.[1] The Commandant was furious at the idea of your having got out of his reach; he wished very much you would return to Geneva, and even made use of threatening language in case you did not. All these were reasons for removing you further off, and for placing you for the moment in a place of perfect security. I exposed myself to the effects of his resentment by doing so, but this I did not regard, so that your safety could be secured. I thought also you would prefer being at Neuchâtel to being at Lausanne, where you had no acquaintances. Besides, it is always so much gained on the road to Germany. I had no time to explain to you the few lines in which I desired you to depart. I must now tell you what has passed. I believe it was last Wednesday or Thursday morning that I wrote to you that my prospects of obtaining a passport were exceedingly bright. The Prefect had almost promised it to me, and his secretary also. On Thursday all the English appeared before the Prefect and were told that the Government had given orders that they should be sent to Verdun. I had received

[1] Neuchâtel was then a principality attached to the kingdom of Prussia.

a summons the day before to appear before the Prefect, but of course, as I had declared myself Genevese, did not attend to it.[1] The English were ordered to appear before the Commandant the next day (Friday) to receive further instructions relative to their transportation. I was not a little surprised the Thursday morning to receive a note from the secretary of the Prefect desiring to see me at three o'clock for some formality I was to execute. I came at the time appointed. He then told me that the Commandant had had a long conversation with the Prefect about me, that he was *méchant*, and required my father's certificate of baptism, etc., and proofs of my being the person I pretended to be. He required all these before seven the next morning, and I clearly saw that if I could not get them I should have been comprised in the list of those to be sent to Verdun. The Commandant would be satisfied on no other conditions. You may easily conceive the difficulties I was under to obtain papers at the time of the evening when all the offices were shut. I had literally to run about the whole town all the evening till half-past ten o'clock. By dint of recommendation, persuasion and insisting on the thing, I got one of the papers,

[1] We learn, however, from the diary already referred to that at the request of Becadelli (the Prefect's secretary), he signed a declaration that he had not been naturalized in England and had not borne any commissions from foreign nations. Becadelli promised that the Prefect would give him an authorization that he was not included under the measures (of imprisonment).

the certificate of my father's birth. The other act (*acte de vérité*), attesting the identity of my person, was to have been done before a *Juge de Paix*, but he was ten miles in the country. I found his substitute in a remote corner of Plainpalais; he was playing at bowls at his *circle* (club). I had great difficulty in getting him to listen to me. At length, by tickling the palm of his hand, he promised to be ready for me by six the next morning, and in the meanwhile I was to collect eight witnesses, and to be sure of finding them all at home the next morning, and to bring him their Christian names, etc. This took me till half-past ten. Luckily, it was the night of the parsons' society. I went there with M. Peschier, and got four at one visit, otherwise I should have found it more difficult. At six I was running again to the Notary; he was in bed. I called him, however, and he slowly arose and fell to work, and in half an hour the deed was executed attesting that I was really the son of the person I called my father. I had now to run about for signatures. I found many of the witnesses in bed. Some got up for me, others signed in bed, and at length my number was completed.[1] Another difficulty now occurred: the *Bureau d'enregistrement* was

[1] The following are the names of those who signed the certificate: Samuel Roget (his uncle), René Guillaume Prévost Dacier (lawyer), Pierre Prévost Marcet (professor), J. Peschier (pastor), Antoine Roustan (pastor), Jean Lequaint (pastor), Jean Peschier (doctor) and Louis Odier (doctor).

shut, and nothing could be done without it. I waited on the secretary of the Prefect. He seemed to think it absolutely necessary to get the paper immediately. With great difficulty I got the Notary to let him see it before it was registered; then, and not till then, was I safe from being sent to Verdun. I then wrote you a hasty letter. The fatigue and anxiety I had undergone were so great that I was very ill all day. No passport would be granted to me. I must wait the answer from Paris. By taking care of myself, I have now recovered from my fatigue, but some anxiety yet remains. I have, however, received since a letter from Delessert,[1] which gives me great hopes of success from a letter which my uncle[2] has written directly to Talleyrand,[3] and which he will lay before the Chief Consul on his arrival at Bruxelles. An answer to this I may receive very shortly. The issue of this message to Paris must at any rate be favourable. The Commandant is mollified very evidently by the letter of Delessert, which I showed him. . . ."

The letter, which is unfinished, breaks off here,

[1] Etienne Delessert (1735–1818) had been a financier of great influence in France before the Revolution, and, although arrested during the "Terror," had regained much of his influence and position under Napoleon.

[2] Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Romilly.

[3] There were particular reasons why Talleyrand should listen with favour to Romilly's application, because when he was in London as a refugee during the "Terror" he had received much kindness from Romilly.

but we are able to continue the narrative by quoting from Dr. Roget's diary.

"*Sat.*, 23*rd* (*July*).—Went to Sécheron at seven and concocted plan of escape. Packed up things. Edgeworth drank tea.[1]

Sun., 24*th.*—The English set out for Verdun: Percy, Edgeworth, Dendy, Maude and Packington. Egan delayed it for three days with their servants, and a gendarme called on M. Dayrolles.

Mon., 25*th.*—Went to Sécheron. Dined with M. Dayrolles; revolved plans. At eight o'clock in the evening took the resolution of asking for a Paris passport, called on M. Maurice (the Maire), told him I wanted to go to Paris, and asked him if he would give me a passport. He said he would if I would call the next morning. I prepared all for my departure. Called on Mme. de Staël.

Tue., 26*th.*—Went about my passport. All went smoothly. Wrote to Hentsch for money. Received an invitation from Mme. de Staël, which of course I declined. At twelve, got my passport; at one, dined."

The actual passport is still preserved, and is reproduced in Fig. 5.

The diary continues:—

"Had delay on account of some money I wished to get past Versoix. Set out at 4 p.m. from

[1] This was the last time he saw his friend before the latter's imprisonment.

the house and left Geneva; passed out of the gates. Called on Mme. Chauvet, took my sticks and went to Sécheron; got into the cabriolet at five and drove off. Passed Versoix with difficulty; stopped half an hour at Nion, got to Morges at twelve at night; supped.

27*th*.—At four in the morning was off for Orbe, where I breakfasted; dined at Joudun; slept at St. Aubin, and got to Neuchâtel at seven. After many inquiries found the Philipses. The main spring of the carriage was broke!"

Before continuing the narrative of the escape and return to England of the reunited party, it is of interest to quote the following notes which we have in Dr. Roget's handwriting, in which he commits his thoughts to paper, relieves his feelings, and reveals the depth of his righteous indignation at the way the Commandant had treated him.

"The departure of the English at Sécheron was the first alarm I received. I immediately acted as if there was real cause for alarm, though every circumstance tended to make it appear ridiculous. The measure was so unprecedented and so atrocious as to appear destitute of all foundation. Every circumstance tended to delude us as to the real nature and extent of the order. Ambiguous wording, public opinion and the language of the Commandant made us regard it

PASSE-PORT. N°. 136.

Liberté. Egalité.

DÉPARTEMENT DU LÉMAN.

Lois des 10 Vendémiaire, 17 Ventose an IV, et 28 Vendémiaire an VI.

Mairie de la Ville de Genève.

LAISSEZ librement passer dans l'intérieur de la République pour aller à Paris —

le Citoyen Pierre Marc Roget — inscrit —
au Tableau de la Ville de Genève — sous le N°. 20624 —
domicilié à Genève — profession d —
âgé de vingt quatre ans 6 mois taille de cinq Pieds Dix Millimètres,
cheveux Bruns front moyens yeux Bruns —
sourcils Bruns — nez long — bouche moyenne —
menton à fossette — visage ovale —

et prêtez-lui aide et assistance, aux offres d'en faire autant en pareil cas.

Le dit Citoyen P. M. Roget *a déclaré savoir signer.*

Délivré par nous Maire ou Adjoints de la Ville de Genève, le Septième Thermidor an onze de la République Française, une et indivisible.

Le Maire ou Adjoint, Mallet

Porteur du Passe-port Pierre Marc Roget

Pommier *Secrétaire en Chef.*

FIG. 5.—FACSIMILE OF ACTUAL PASSPORT WHICH ENABLED DR. ROGET TO LEAVE GENEVA IN 1803.

To face p. 118.

as not applying to us and as lasting but a very short time. When we fled we were assured we should be stopped. The Commandant threatened us with confinement at Montmelian upon the least offer of resistance. We did not think it worth while risking a second attempt at escape, and particularly as all said it would compromise the other English. Maude and Mr. Ansley did attempt it, and had got as far as Sécheron, but Lord Beverly dissuaded them from proceeding. I might have passed for under eighteen, for Genevese, for anything, and most probably would not have been classed with the English. But unfortunately my passport was on the same piece of paper with that of the Philipses, whose ages being marked, it procured them exemption. My age and country were also marked upon mine. In order to prove the first I was obliged to show the last, which was on the other side of the leaf. Otherwise I might have torn it off and burnt or hid it.

The idea of declaring myself Genevese did sometimes occur, but I thought it better to wait. I had a great reluctance to do so, as it was renouncing my English character. I wished to share the same fate with the Philipses, and never to run a chance of being separated from them. I knew not for the moment the consequences of such a step: perhaps I should be riveted still faster than before. I had heard so much of being included in the conscription that I hesitated before I would

at once expose myself without possibility of retreat to the unknown dangers. The evil I then bore was present and known—at least, I imagined I knew it. Much indeed was I mistaken, for how can any honest mind conceive the concatenation of perfidy and malice which, spread unseen before, behind and on every side, and drawn by gentle degrees closer and closer, lays hold first of one limb and then of another; ties the knot unperceived, while the generous soul is reposing in the peaceful slumbers of confidence; then drags the net closer and closer; lulls suspicion, when just awakening, by a momentary relaxation; entangles and perplexes all the movements; then seizes with one grasp his prey, now roused to indignation and struggling in vain to wrench asunder his fetters. This is now the moment for insult. He drags the victim, bound hand and foot, before him, and with the greatest civility spits him in the face. The imperious tone of vanity when invested with authority, the sharp accents of waspish irritability, or the assumed politeness of an exulting foe: these are what he must expect to bear alternately, according to the humour of the moment. Of all these the last is the most cutting and bitter. One can bear open hatred; vanity excited our contempt; a gust of passion leaves no impression on the mind; but the sneering compliments of a pretended friend, offering us consolation and holding out to us his protection, when we know the malice

that rankles in his heart, that he considers us as his dupe, gulled by his smiles, decoyed by his fair words, and that when offering us friendship he is all the while plotting our destruction. . . .

I have at length escaped from their clutches! The Tygers (*sic*) of Africa are less to be dreaded, are less ferocious than these. Monsters vomited up from the deep are less terrible. Demons commissioned from Hell to execute some infernal purpose and overrunning the earth, spreading wheresoever they go the calamities of plague, pestilence and famine, are milder and more to be trusted than they. The land is blasted which they tread upon. The air which blows from their accursed country is loaded with infection. All is blighted and corrupted by their envenomed touch. Dissimulation and corruption are in the van, perfidy and treachery pave the way and ruin and horror are in the rear. Their track is marked by devastation and destruction. Death pursues their footsteps and swallows up what they leave."

From Neuchâtel all three succeeded in getting away into Germany, in circumstances which can be detailed partly by reproducing a draft of a letter written by Dr. Roget at Stuttgart, whither they arrived on August 3rd, and partly by quoting from the diary already referred to. The letter commences :—

"Thank Heaven, we are now all three in perfect safety. We have saved ourselves from the clutches of a set of tygers in human shapes. I cannot find words sufficiently expressive of the horror and indignation I feel at the perfidious conduct of the Government from whose tyranny we have escaped. It is impossible for me to give a connected description of the series of vexations, of difficulties and of dangers with which I have had to struggle. Volumes could not paint the anxieties, the sufferings, which I have gone through for the last two months. . . .

The cares and deep anxieties we have suffered, and which you no doubt have shared, are happily at an end. Their remembrance will now only tend to heighten the pleasure we feel at our deliverance from them. I shall endeavour to trace an outline of what has passed. . . .

I had long been meditating and maturing a project of escape without breaking my parole. Events hastened the execution of it before it was properly arranged. I was obliged to change my plans two or three times. I had prepared a complete disguise for escaping through Switzerland after my pupils should have been in safety. The villainy of the Commandant at Geneva soon showed itself, and justified my darkest suspicions. Notwithstanding that my pupils were under age and had obtained regular passports, he had sent express orders to stop them at the frontiers. They passed almost by a miracle, having by accident

two little slips of card with them with the signature of the Commandant upon them. I had sent them first to Lausanne, but the Commandant, enraged at their escape, muttered threats against me if I did not order them back to Geneva. Of course, I sent them further on, to Neuchâtel, where for a time they would be completely out of his reach. I had reclaimed my rights as a Genevese citizen of Geneva. Though incontestable, he would not admit them, and ordered me to remain in the town.

I must pass over the particulars of my escape from the town. I flew like lightning to Neuchâtel to rejoin my pupils, determined to undergo the last extremity sooner than part with them again. I arrived in safety. Greater difficulties yet awaited us. The town was full of English who had flocked from Switzerland to avoid arrest by the French troops, of which the Swiss Government had privately given them notice. Two or three were attempting an escape in disguises as peasants; the rest were waiting without knowing what to do. Everybody gave different opinions as to what was best to be done."

According to the diary, Dr. Roget called upon a banker named Durouvay and endeavoured to get a further passport from the Secretary of State, but was unsuccessful. "The carriage being got ready," he continues, "determined to set off the next morning, spite of all remonstrances from

Durouvay, McCulloch, Sir F. Drake and Davidson." The letter continues :—

"By the help of a servant I took from Geneva, who understood perfectly the by-roads, we chalked out a plan of escape through Switzerland without passing through any town. We dressed ourselves as shabbily as we could, carefully avoided speaking a word of English [set out at five in the morning],[1] stopped at obscure villages only [dined at Arberg, slept at Buren. The innkeeper was a true Swiss and a great friend of the English]. The second day we were obliged to pass before the gates of Soleure. This we contrived to do very early in the morning, and stole by unmolested.

[Dined at Herzog-buchzee, slept at Rotherist. *Sat.*, 31*st.*—Proceeded to Wildeck, a wretched inn, where we dined, sending Jacob and Blondel the coachman to make inquiries, and to prepare the boat to ferry us over. Slept there, in the midst of a noisy peasants' harvest ball.] The fourth was the most critical part of our route. Our object was to pass Brugg unobserved, a small town which had a French garrison. It was necessary to pass either through this town or through Baden, where Lord J. Campbell, quite a young man, and Dr. Robertson, his preceptor, had been arrested. The former effected his escape in woman's clothes, the latter got off afterwards in another way. We preferred Brugg as being a smaller place.

[1] Additions in square brackets are from the diary.

We rose at three, [went a league in the coach, went on foot with the innkeeper's son], crossed the river in a small boat prepared for us overnight, walked with a guide and our faithful servant six or eight miles. There was no other way but to pass through a corner of the town. We did so without being observed by a sentinel, whose back was turned towards us. I do not know whether he would have said anything to us, but the carriage, which followed us half an hour afterwards, was stopped by him. The coachman had the address to prevail upon him to let him pass with the bribe of a bottle of wine. It overtook us at a little distance, [again passed the Aar in a boat, got to Zursach], and we hastened to cross the Rhine [in a ferry] before the Commandant of Brugg could have time to send after us.

It is impossible to describe the rapture we felt in treading on friendly ground. It was like awaking from a horrid dream, or recovering from the nightmare. We could scarcely yet believe our good fortune. It was too great to be felt all at once. We fancied ourselves yet insecure. We hastened away from that inhospitable land where we had met with such increasing persecution.

[Bathed in the Rhine, breakfasted and took post-horses to Sedligen. Slept a stage beyond it. *2nd Aug.*—Passed through Rothweil, slept at Flechingen; curious innkeeper, pretended not to speak French.]

We are now arrived at Stuttgart, where we

shall stay for a few days to refit and to repose ourselves from all our fatigues. I have been greatly exhausted by all that I have had to go through. The heat still continues so excessive that travelling is exceedingly unpleasant and scarcely bearable in the middle of the day.

The feeling of our newly acquired liberty, purchased with so much toil and hazard, will, I am sure, restore my wonted strength. I repeat to myself frequently in the course of the day, 'I am free; the ground on which I tread is friendly; I am on my way towards England, towards all that is dear to me; I am once more a man.' We have recommendations here to Count Jennison, who has shown us the greatest attention. We shall make the best of our way to Berlin, in our way to Old England. I suppose you would not have any objection to our staying there for a short time to see the great Review of the Prussian Army in September. Indeed, the month of September is one of the worst for crossing the sea, and our passage requires more consideration than that of Calais to Dover. I know not at present where it would be best to embark. Indeed, events succeed with such rapidity that it is impossible to lay down any plan from which one can be certain of not being obliged to deviate—perhaps Copenhagen."

Here the letter ends. It is recorded in the diary that there were two very severe thunder-

storms on the day of their arrival at Stuttgart, that they saw the Palace and the theatre, and had a sight of the Elector of Württemberg. They were also disturbed by an alarm of fire at two o'clock in the morning. On the following day they visited the museum of medals and natural history. The party remained at Stuttgart until August 9th, on which day, to quote the words of the diary, they "dined at one, set out for Ludwigburg, walked to see the Palace,[1] and went on to Heilbron and arrived at twelve at night."

It is unnecessary to follow the exact words of the diary in describing the remainder of the journey through Germany.

Heilbron was duly reached the next day, and Dr. Roget's observant eyes noted the "town house outside, covered with painted cloth in imitation of stone." He further remarks upon the curious oil-mills, tobacco-factory and natural selzer-water works, and records that considerable emigration to Poland was going on at the solicitation of the King of Prussia. August 11th brought our travellers to Heidelberg, where the diarist praises the fine situation of the ruined castle and mentions the cathedral as three hundred years old. The environs of Heidelberg, with the River Neckar, are justly described as very pretty. They proceeded to Mannheim along a fine road through level country, where they noticed tobacco growing.

[1] Built by Duke Eberhard Ludwig in 1704–33 in the rococo style.

Mannheim is described as a superb town, clean and neat, with an avenue of trees in the middle of the street and numerous fountains. Dr. Roget's interest in scientific matters was arrested by the observatory, which he refers to as containing a "Mural Quadrant by Bird and a Meridional Telescope by Ramsden, built thirty years before" (evidently the Germans at that time had to rely on British manufacturers for the best classes of optical apparatus). It is also mentioned that there had been a fine library and picture gallery, but that the Prince Palatine had taken them away. The cathedral is described as highly ornamented, with beautiful marble altar with agate and green jasper, and as showing a hole made by a cannon-ball. The castle had been set on fire by the Austrian bombardment by Clairfait, who took it twice. At the time of their visit, the King of Sweden was expected and the theatre was prepared for him. The party dined at the "Admiral Klingel," and remarked at the "great cheapness of everything"; on the other hand, the inn where they slept is described as very exorbitant. The fountains, cascades, etc., of the gardens of the Schwetzingen Castle were visited, and they met their friend Davidson, one of the English who had succeeded in escaping from Geneva.

On August 12th they set off at six in the morning and travelled over bad sandy roads to Darmstadt and on to Frankfort, arriving at eight in the evening at the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

From Frankfort, Dr. Roget wrote to his uncle as follows :—

"I suppose you have already received the account I sent you from Stuttgart of our escape through Switzerland and our safe arrival in Germany. We pursued our way to Berlin as far as this place, but have been deterred from advancing further for the present by a number of accounts I have received of the difficulty of getting to England, even by the way of Berlin. I have accordingly been advised to stop at Frankfort till the truth of these reports can be ascertained and further information obtained, and in no place are we so likely to come at the truth as here. I have written to obtain information as to the safest route we ought to take. Excepting one very old letter from my mother, it is at least three months since I have had any news from my friends. Frankfort is a very fine town, and our residence here is made agreeable by acquaintance with an English family who are in the same situation as ourselves."

The party was unfortunately delayed in Frankfort for nearly two months by the illness of one of the Philipses, but happily he recovered sufficiently for a fresh start to be made on October 6th, when it was deemed advisable for the fugitives to remove further eastward, as the French were advancing in that direction.

In a further letter from Frankfort, Dr. Roget refers to his pupil's illness, and remarks :—

"As soon as he is sufficiently restored to be able to bear the motion of a carriage I think it will be advisable to set off . . . and I shall endeavour to reach with all possible expedition the port at which we are to embark, which I suppose will be that of Husum, in Denmark. I believe it will be as well to take Berlin in our way, as it is very little out of the road which the occupation of Hanover by the French troops will oblige us to take. On the most favourable supposition it will be a fortnight yet before we shall be able to leave Frankfort. We may then perhaps reach the seaport before November. . . . I am afraid it would go hard with me if the packet in which we went over were taken, but I hope there is little danger of that."

The start from Frankfort was finally made at three o'clock on October 6th, and Hanau was reached at six. On setting out the next day at eight, the footboard of their carriage broke and they were delayed till nine; dining at Gelnhausen, they slept at Schlichtern. The entry for October 8th simply reads: "Breakfasted at Fulda, slept at Vach." The following day they arrived at Eisenach, but a great fall of snow prevented their going on. Continuing the next day, however, they passed through Gotha and Erfurt, and slept

at Weimar, where pouring rain was reported. They went on over "dreadful roads" to Nauembourg, and proceeding through Weissenfels, arrived at Leipzig on the afternoon of October 12th. Resting here a day or two, they continued their journey on October 15th via Tuben to Wittenberg and Beelitz, arriving at Potsdam on the morning of October 17th. That afternoon they "saw the parade" and "went to Sans Souci," and the following morning "went to the palace of marble,[1] saw the King[2] and Queen," and "arrived at Berlin at three."

It was in Berlin that Dr. Roget received a reply from Romilly to his own letter from Stuttgart. In this Romilly writes:—

"If you return soon, you will take care, I make no doubt, to come in a neutral vessel, or in some way that you will not run any risk. . . . We are under no apprehension now of the consequences of the invasion with which we are threatened. The number of volunteers who have enrolled themselves in every part of the country is very great; so great that the Ministers have thought it not advisable to accept all who have offered,

[1] The palace of *Sans Souci* was built for Frederick the Great, and was completed in 1747. It was his almost constant residence until his death there in 1786. The Marble Palace was the scene of the death, in 1797, of his successor, Frederick William II, for whom it had been built. At the time that we are considering it was unfinished, as it was only completed in 1844.

[2] Frederick William III, King of Prussia (1797–1840).

and have resolved to limit their numbers to six times the Militia, and at that rate the volunteers will amount to 240,000 men besides the Militia, the supplementary Militia, the Army of Reserve and the Regulars. The limiting the number of the volunteers has given great dissatisfaction. It is supposed to have proceeded from an apprehension in the Ministry that by a very general arming, arms may be put into the hands of many improper persons. Such apprehensions seem to be very idle in this country, whatever may be the case in Ireland. The accounts that have been published of the conduct of the French in Hanover, whether true or false, have done wonders, and it seems as if every man considered himself as arming, not merely in the defence of his country, but for the protection of the lives of his wife and his children."

We will not dwell on the doings of the party in Berlin, where they appear to have called on several persons whom they knew or to whom they had introductions, and visited, among other places, the "Castle and Palace, Opera house and Concert room and the Porcelain manufactory," and where, apparently, Dr. Roget was at last able to get a passport which was correct for the route he was adopting.

Setting out from Berlin on October 25th, they dined at Fehrbellin at four o'clock, and arrived at Kyritz at two in the morning, finding nothing

to eat. The next night's rest was at Perleberg, whence they departed at six in the morning and had another long day on the road, as they did not arrive at Schwerin till two in the morning again. At eleven o'clock the next night they arrived at Lubeck and had difficulty in finding beds. Staying two nights, it was here that they finally sold the carriage, which they had originally bought in Paris and had travelled so many miles in, and agreed with a *voiturier* to take them on. They also "exchanged money for the Danish species."

The continuation of the journey into and across what was then Danish territory is described as follows in the diary: "Set out at $10\frac{1}{2}$, dined at Eutin at about $3\frac{1}{2}$–$5\frac{1}{2}$, travelled on to Kiel, where we arrived at three in the morning, supped or breakfasted, proceeded to Eckersdorf, at about nine breakfasted. Got to Husum [1] at seven at night."

Referring to this part of the journey, Mr. John L. Roget (Dr. Roget's son), in some notes founded on his father's verbal reminiscences, writes: "They at last arrived in sight of the sea, with a feeling akin to that of Xenophon and his soldiers, at the port of Husum in Denmark on the 31st October."

The next morning, November 1st, they "inquired about the packet—the captain not on shore—none but a dirty fishing-boat without beds and with sixty soldiers" was available.

[1] Spelt in some modern maps Büsum.

Continuing from Mr. Roget's notes: "Here they were detained for no less than three weeks by contrary winds which prevented the mail-boat from coming to take them home, and when it did, they had to wait for the changing of the wind back again before they could set sail. At length (on November 16th) they embarked for England in the packet *Diana* (Captain Stewart)." The method of embarkation is thus described in the diary: "Embarked on board a pilot skiff at 4½; got to the packet at 6." "But the dangers of the sea," continues Mr. Roget, "had yet to come." For six days they were tossed on the North Sea. When at length the little vessel was making good way for the port of Harwich, a suspicious-looking sail made its appearance in the offing. Growing larger, it took the shape of a frigate, which showed no colours but brought the *Diana* to by firing a gun. The passengers on board the packet watched with no small anxiety the lowering of a boat for the purpose of boarding her, and it may be believed that to none of our three fugitives was a sound more welcome than the voice of the lieutenant in command of the boarding-party when he approached near enough for them to hear him shouting to his crew with a round and unmistakably British oath. The frigate was H.M.S. *Unicorn*, Captain Hardiman. Friendly greetings followed, and an invitation to dinner, which was virtuously declined by Captain Stewart on the ground that he had five mails on

board. These, together with our three travellers, were safely delivered at Harwich on the following day, the 22nd of November. They were lodged at an inn whose landlord bore the singularly appropriate name of Mr. John Bull. Thence Dr. Roget made all speed to deliver up his charges safe and sound to their parents in Manchester.

As is well known, the other Englishmen from Geneva, including Dr. Roget's friend Lovell Edgeworth, who were actually sent to Verdun, remained interned there for eleven years.

CHAPTER VI

1818 :
A TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES

DURING a considerable portion of the intervening years, Dr. Roget lived in Manchester, where he was for some time one of the Physicians to the Infirmary, an appointment which he retained till October 1808, when he finally settled in London and became a scientific writer and lecturer of eminence and versatility. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1815, and a record of his life and scientific activities is contained in an obituary note which appeared in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society* in 1870 (No. 119). On November 18, 1824, he married Mary Taylor Hobson, the daughter of Mr. Jonathan Hobson, a merchant of Liverpool, and we are able to present a little variety to the series of European journeyings under varying conditions which we are following, by breaking off here to give a few notes of a tour in part of the United States which was undertaken by Mrs. Roget's brother, Mr. Samuel Hobson, in 1818. Extracts from Mr. Hobson's own journal are given below. The America

depicted therein is somewhat different from that of to-day.

"*May* 18*th*.—Left Philadelphia in company with Mr. T. Hulme on a journey through the western portion of the United States, and arrived the same night at Elizabethtown, eighteen miles west of Lancaster. The greatest part of the road lay through a beautiful and fertile valley . . . bringing to my mind the best farmed districts of England. . . . Most of the farmers Dutch, plodding, industrious men, the independent owners of their farms. Lancaster is the largest inland town east of the Alleghany Mountains. As we passed it in the night, we could not form an opinion of the style of its buildings. From Philadelphia to Lancaster the road a turnpike and in good order.

May 29*th*.—Passed through Harrisburg and Carlisle to Chambersburg. From Harrisburg the roads very bad. Harrisburg, the seat of the State Government of Pennsylvania, is a neat little town on the east bank of the Susquehanna. Close to the town is a bridge of great length across the river, divided by an island into nearly equal parts. It is constructed of wood, except the piers, which are of stone, and to prevent injury from rain is covered with a roof. Our ride along the banks of the Susquehanna and across the bridge afforded us a beautiful specimen of wild, grand scenery. The wide river rolling slowly and majestically, and its high banks and islands covered with wood to

the water's edge and varying their form at every reach, were set off to peculiar advantage by the clear, cloudless sky of a fine summer's morning. From a few miles west of Philadelphia to Chambersburg the soil lies upon a bed of limestone, of which the farm-houses and outbuildings are many of them built. It is also in some places burnt and used as a manure.

May 30*th.*—Leaving Chambersburg, we commenced our journey over the successive ridges known as the Alleghany Mountains. Our first ascent was of Cove Mountain, from the top of which we had an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, an immense forest interspersed with patches of clear land. The highest hills being clothed with wood to their very summits gave the mountain a very different character from what I had been accustomed to. We ended our day's journey at McConnell's Town, a small place at the foot of Cove Mountain, hardly deserving to be dignified by the name of town.

June 2*nd.*—Arrived at Guensburg by way of Bedford and Stoyistown, having performed our journey over the mountains without accident, over roads surely worse than any that were ever travelled over by a carriage intended for passengers. The roads, instead of winding round the mountains, are carried almost straight across them, and appear to have had very little more labour bestowed upon them at any time than that of clearing away the timber which grew upon them. No wonder,

therefore, at their wretched condition, being daily crossed by numbers of wagons heavily laden, the wheels of which are nearly as narrow as those of an English postchaise. To those who have been accustomed to the level roads of England it would appear almost impossible that the stage could cross those without frequent upsets. For days together we were dragged from one hole to another, sometimes one side of the carriage elevated between two and three feet, and at others with all four wheels up to the naves in a mud-hole, continually changing our position to preserve our balance. Our travelling might be compared to going a-hunting, except that instead of being on horseback we were in an American stage. We struck off into the woods, where no carriage had ever been before, and performed the most wonderful leaps over logs and rocks. Extraordinary exertions were necessary to perform the journey. For hours together the powers of the horses were exerted to the utmost at a dead pull, and the skill of the driver in avoiding the deepest holes was truly astonishing.

June 3rd.—Reached Pittsburg, distant from Philadelphia 298 miles, which we have been six and a half days in travelling, by the stage. The country I found more cultivated than I expected. From the views from the tops of the mountains, however, much the greatest part of the land appeared to be uncleared. Accommodation on the road we found much to our satisfaction, especially our meals. . . .

Dinner on the mountains we had none, but with such excellent breakfasts and suppers we could well dispense with it. The very bad state of the road across the Alleghany Mountains is a severe tax on the western community. A new turnpike road is now, however, in progress, and will probably be completed in the course of two years. On approaching Pittsburg, a person accustomed to the Atlantic States is immediately struck with its black and gloomy appearance, owing to the quantity of smoke issuing from its numerous manufacturing establishments and the universal consumption of coal for fuel. Pittsburg is situated between the Alleghany and Monongehala rivers at the point where by their junction they form the Ohio. Being surrounded by hills, covered with wood, some of them of considerable height—particularly the Coal Hill, which rises abruptly from the edge of the Monongehala River opposite the town—its situation is highly picturesque. The rapid increase of the place is perhaps without a parallel. Sixty years ago it was little more than a British Fort, surrounded by settlements of Indians. It now is a place of much business, and is celebrated for the extent and variety of its manufactures. It is admirably adapted by nature as a site for manufactures. The rapid current of the Ohio forms an excellent water-carriage to all the Western States, and together with the Alleghany Mountains serves as a barrier to check the competition of foreign manufactures.

There is abundance of coal in the neighbourhood of the city, and the labour required to procure it is comparatively trifling. The stratum of coal is found intersecting the hills for several miles round in a horizontal plane, and it is procured by driving a horizontal shaft through the mountain and wheeling the coal out in wheelbarrows. The Coal Hill takes its name from the quantity of coal found within it. The principal manufactures are those of iron and glass, and steam engines are exported from this place to all parts of the western country. During the war with England, the manufactures of Pittsburg of course flourished exceedingly. Since the war they have considerably declined.

June 6th.—We determined to prosecute our journey down the Ohio as being the easiest and most expeditious mode of travelling. Being invited by two gentlemen to become passengers with others on board a boat they had engaged to take them down to Cincinnati, our party accepted the invitation. Having laid in our stores, we all six of us set sail in as clumsy a contrivance for navigation as can well be conceived. We all agreed it was in shape more like an orange-box than anything else we could compare it to—its bottom square and quite flat, and the boards which composed its sides and roof in many places several inches apart. Such a thing as a plane had never been used at all in its construction. In this machine we floated with the current, not

caring which side foremost, using a couple of planks as oars to help her from striking against obstacles. This night we tied our box to a tree, and slept in our clothes on straw mattresses, with our saddlebags for pillows, anxiously hoping that no thunderstorm might take advantage of our exposed situation to drench us and our beds."

In this manner the voyage was continued down the river, past the boundary of the State of Pennsylvania into Ohio, past Steubenville, Wheeling, where a brief landing was made, Marrietta, at the mouth of the Muskingham River, Belpre, Gallipolis, described as a small town settled by the French, Limestone (or Maysville). The travellers finally arrived at Cincinnati about midnight, June 13th, after having been seven and a half days floating down the river. The journal continues :—

" Our mode of travel did not admit of our seeing much of the country or gaining much information, as we seldom stopped our boat, and then did not stay much longer than was necessary to recruit our provisions. We had a little skiff with us, in which one or two of us frequently rowed to the farm-houses on the banks of the river for milk; but we generally made our visits as short as possible, as it took us some time to catch our floating box, which always continued travelling with indefatigable perseverance. The people dwelling on the banks of the river were generally

reserved and uncourteous when we first accosted them, but were always civil. I never saw anything like rudeness amongst them. They required to be treated with respect and as equals, and when they found we did this, they always answered our questions very readily. Their mode of life is a complete picture of independence. The land they farm is their own, and they either grow or make almost everything they want. Their sugar they manufacture from the sap of the sugar maple. Wherever we went we were struck with the great number of children that roamed around every home. We saw several instances of very early sharpness and acuteness amongst them, and a great spirit of independence, particularly in one little fellow, apparently about ten or twelve years old, whom, with no one with him but a child much younger than himself, we met early one morning busy rowing a canoe, in which were several very fine fish, one or two of them five to six pounds apiece, which they had caught since daylight. With much difficulty we succeeded in bargaining with him for two of them (perch of about two pounds weight). We were, however, obliged to give him his own price for them of $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents each. He behaved as if he conferred quite as great a favour upon us as we did upon him.

June 14th.—We quitted our orange-box like pigs out of a sty and gladly took up our quarters at the Cincinnati Hotel. We breakfasted and dined in comfort with about fifty travellers, who just

before the bell rang crowded round the doors of the dining-room like a mob at the door of a theatre and at the first clap of the bell rushed in, scrambled to the first seat, helped themselves to the first dish they laid hold of, pushed it back again, and having dispatched their meal as if they had been eating for a wager, left the room one after another, and in fifteen minutes no one was left at the table but ourselves.

Much as I had heard of this place, it surpasses my expectations. It is only about twenty-five years since its first establishment, and it is now not only a town, but a handsome one. Its streets are laid out at right angles, well paved and, as they yet extend, regularly built up. The rapidity of advancement has been astonishing. In the year 1800 it contained only 2,400 inhabitants, and they were afraid of going but a short distance out of the town for fear of the Indians. It has now nearly 10,000 inhabitants."

The travellers remained at Cincinnati, where they called on several business men to whom they had introductions, for two days.

"*June* 16*th*.—Left Cincinnati about ten o'clock for Louisville, in a covered skiff about twenty feet long, in company with Mr. H., Mr. R. and six others, two of whom were engaged to work their passage at the oar. Just before night we reached a farm-house on the Indiana side, about fifty miles from

Cincinnati, where we were provided with supper and bed. We found our landlord, the farmer, a very civil, intelligent man.

June 17*th.*—Breakfasted at Vevey, a small town of Indiana, beautifully situated on a high bank about a quarter of a mile from the river, out of reach of inundations. It was laid out by a Swiss about three years ago and named after a town in Switzerland. While breakfast was preparing, I went to see a grist-mill, turned by three horses walking upon a large horizontal wheel. After breakfast we walked to the vineyards, commencing about a quarter of a mile below the town, cultivated by a few families, the first of whom arrived here about fifteen years ago. They cultivate entirely the Cape vine. After leaving Vevey, we stopped at Madisonville, a flourishing little place. We were informed that two years ago there were but two or three houses. In this place, like all the others we have seen since we left Pittsburg, the principal business carried on appears to be tavern keeping and store keeping.

June 18*th.*—Arrived at Louisville, where we stayed only a few hours, and then crossed the falls in our skiff. Mr. Hulme and I landed at Shipping Port, just at the foot of the falls on the Kentucky side, but the rest proceeded in the skiff to New Albany, a new town about two miles lower down, on the opposite side of the river.

Louisville is well known as a place of great importance. Being situated at the falls, which

are impassable for large boats except when the water is very high, almost all the goods passing up and down the river must be landed at this place. A subscription has been opened to have a canal made on the Indiana side, so as to avoid the falls, which project the people of Louisville are said to be averse from, as they are afraid it will injure the trade of the city. We were told by some, however, that it would make but little difference, for that above the falls the river could not be navigated by boats drawing more than two feet of water, whereas below the river would admit boats drawing four feet; therefore the cargoes passing up and down the river would still have to be landed as heretofore. Within a few years the navigation of the Ohio has been very much improved by the use of steamers. There are eleven now plying between New Orleans and Louisville, from 80 to 300 tons. Next year, however, it is expected there will be at least fifty, amongst which one will be 500 and another 700 tons. Many steamboats are building in the neighbourhood of Louisville, which abounds in fine timber. The mode at present in use of ascending the Ohio is in what are called keel boats, to distinguish them from the flat boats or arks, which are built without any keel at all and are merely intended for floating down the river. These boats are forced against the stream all the way from New Orleans to Pittsburg by means of long poles, and sometimes by towing by a rope fastened to a tree on the bank of the

river, all of which is performed by manual labour. The passage takes from four to six months.

At Shipping Port is a very large grist-mill on the falls, owned by a French gentleman of the name of Tarrascon, who very politely showed us through it. The mill is 102 feet high, and a wagonload of 50 bushels is received, weighed and lifted to the top of the mill in fifteen minutes, all by the power of machinery. The grain is lifted by means of a number of small buckets fastened to a leather strap, which turns round upon wheels.

June 20th.—Took leave of our friends and went down to New Albany. This place has not been established more than two or three years, but it is already of considerable importance as a shipping port for the State of Indiana. . . . At New Albany we disposed of our skiff and joined two young men from the State of New York, who were proceeding in a flat boat to the State of Tennessee. Our passage from Cincinnati to Louisville has cost us 4.75 dollars, including provisions. We recommenced our voyage down the river at about 9 a.m."

It is not necessary to give details of all the stops at farms for food, etc.

"*June 23rd.*—Breakfasted at Owensburg, Kentucky; settled one year. We this day met a large steamboat, rolling away up the river, being the first we had seen under way on the Ohio River. After rowing hard all day, in which we all

took turns, we arrived about dusk at the mouth of Pigeon Creek. This place is very advantageously situated at the extremity of a great bend of the river, which takes a reach far into the State of Indiana. It is therefore likely to be the shipping port for a large tract of country. For our passage from Louisville to this place, about 200 miles by water, we paid only two dollars.

June 24th.—Hired a wagon to take us and our plunder to Princeton, thirty miles, for which we paid four dollars each. Our party was now reduced to the original number (three), having left our two companions to pursue their journey down the river. Our way to Princeton was through woods, with now and then a cleared spot. We saw plenty of squirrels, wild turkeys and almost wild pigs. These pigs were turned out into the woods by their owners to find their own living, and some of them had become nearly as savage as bears. We were informed that bears and panthers were occasionally seen in this part of the country. Amongst the animals, we saw a male opossum, which, being a slow animal, did not attempt to avoid us. They are said to be very destructive to poultry. Arrived at Princeton about dusk. At this place we became acquainted with Mr. Fordham, a young English gentleman who accompanied Mr. Birbeck from England and had settled with him on his prairie in Illinois Territory, about thirty miles northwest of this place, across the Wabash. Spent the day trying to purchase horses to carry us the rest of our journey, but our efforts proved unsuccessful.

We were shown a good many ugly-looking horses of suspicious character, but could not bargain for any of them, being unwilling to pay double their value. The whole tribe of horse sellers were in a league to jockey us, as it was well known we had no way of proceeding but on horseback.

June 26th.—Still detained at Princeton, owing to our not being able to procure horses. Mr. R., however, was accommodated by his friend Fordham with a horse, which he happened to have, and they therefore both set out for the prairie together.

Our tavern and an adjoining store we found a grand receptacle for loungers. Besides Mr. Hulme and myself, a lawyer and a doctor who boarded in the house, were two or three storekeepers, another doctor, and others whose profession we could not discover, who appeared to do little else all day long than sit with the backs of their chairs leaned against the wall. Why should there be so much idleness where labourers are so scarce and there is so much to be done? Many people here seem to consider it a part of their rights as freemen not to work. They can get a livelihood with but little labour, and in order to obtain more they would make use of almost any means rather than work. They speculate in land, turn dry-goods merchants, etc. It would seem as if nothing would make mankind labour hard but compulsion. Is it not labour alone, however, which creates the wealth and power of a nation? The dry-goods merchant and the land speculator add nothing to the common stock, but the weaver and spinner increase it a

hundredfold. Though there was much lounging about in our tavern, there appeared to be very little drinking, and we saw nothing like disorderly behaviour.

June 27th.—This morning a man called at the tavern who said he had been riding eleven days, night and day, after two men who had stolen two horses. From the description he gave of one of them, he would have cut a figure in the annals of Newgate. Besides being guilty of numerous robberies and a frequent inmate of the prisons, he was a great gambler and had three wives, one of whom had lately married again. The man who had been pursuing him had lost him amongst a gang of thieves and forgers at Vincennes. So much for backwoods virtue. We asked the pursuer what he would have done with the thief had he come up with him. He replied he would immediately have shot him dead off his horse. So much for backwoods independence. This day we bought two horses, one for 135 dollars and the other for 125 dollars, good, able nags.

June 28th.—We mounted our new nags and sallied forth to visit Mr. Birbeck's settlement on the other side of the Wabash, in Illinois Territory. Our road was of course through woods, sometimes on a well-beaten road and at others along a mere path. The most difficult part of our journey was through a swamp of about a mile in length from the bank of the river. We first attempted to pass it on our horses, but mine beginning

suddenly to sink, and plunging to extricate himself, I jumped off his back and left him to scramble out his own way, which he luckily did. Mr. Hulme followed my example in dismounting, and we waded through the mud, often nearly up to our knees, perspiring at every pore and tormented by crowds of mosquitoes. The swamp was full of timber, which rendered the air exceptionally close and hot and made the place far from being the most eligible for an exercise so laborious. After we had crossed the swamp, Mr. Hulme said that during one part of the journey he almost expected to have died three sorts of deaths—one-third buried, one-third burnt and the other third devoured by mosquitoes. We, however, arrived safe at the banks of the Wabash, where we found a ferry. This river is here apparently nearly as wide and quite as rapid as our old acquaintance the Ohio. In the low land on the banks of the river grows a sort of cane in great abundance. At the ferry we luckily met with a man who was riding to his home near Mr. Birbeck's and served us as a guide. On our way we forded across Bon Pas Creek, about seven miles from Mr. B.'s residence, and soon after entered the prairie land. The prairies are tracts of land free from timber, except that in some of them is here and there a small growth of young trees and brush. They are, however, surrounded with wood, being as it were interspersed in the forest like islands in an archipelago. They are covered with natural grass and weeds, in some places three or four feet high,

and are of various sizes, from 50 or 100 acres to 25,000 or 30,000. After having been immersed in woods long, it was a gratification to find ourselves in an open country, and as we rode along we often expressed to each other our admiration of the beauty of the prospect. Some of the land is level, but there is also much variety of hill and dale, or, as it is termed in this country, rolling land. Pursuing a well-beaten track, sometimes through wood and sometimes through prairie, we reached Mr. Birbeck's about dusk, and as soon as he saw us he stepped from his log cabin to welcome us on our arrival. Soon after we were called to supper by the sound of a horn, and we partook of it in another small cabin a few paces distant. After supper we returned to the cabin we first entered, and before long stretched out a number of narrow mattresses and blankets which lay in a heap at one side of the cabin. Some with their clothes on and some with them off, all slept soundly till morning.

June 29th.—I took a ride to one or two prairies in the neighbourhood. We rambled about more than half a day, sometimes striking out a new path through thick brushwood, impervious to any horses but those accustomed to the country, and sometimes traversing an ocean of long grass, exposed to the rays of a burning sun, and busied in driving away the swarms of flies which continually tormented our horses. The flies are the pest of the prairies. They infest them for about three months, during the hottest part of the summer and autumn ;

at which season, if a horse makes his appearance, numbers immediately attack him without mercy, and, being recruited by fresh swarms, never let him have a moment's respite. The flies we saw appeared to be of two kinds. One, called the prairie fly, being peculiar to the prairies, is about the size and form of the English horsefly, but of a glossy green and yellow colour. The other is also found in the woodlands, but not in such large numbers as on the prairies, and is about as large as a humble-bee.

June 30th.—Took a ride to the village prairie, about five miles from Mr. Birbeck's cabin, where some gentlemen from England, who have joined Mr. Birbeck since his arrival, have each built a small cabin for themselves and their families, on land they have purchased from him. To supply themselves with water they have begun to sink wells close to their cabins, which experiment, from the success Mr. Birbeck has met with, they have no doubt will answer. The cabins are built of the trunks of trees, with very little more preparation than having the bark stripped from them. They are notched together at the corners, and the space between them is filled up with pieces of wood. They intend plastering the walls with mortar, but this is not yet done, lime being difficult to be procured. The light is therefore admitted in abundance on all sides, which renders the single glass window fixed in the door for the present unnecessary. The cabins are roofed with split planks, fastened down with

small logs. Though the whole house is built of wood, there is not a nail in it except to fasten down the planks which form the floor. The cabins being all only one story high, rooms are added by extending the ground floor. Such is the house of a backwoodsman."

The journal goes on to give various details of Mr. Birbeck's property which may be omitted.

"The mode of forming a new road through the woods is to set off with an axe in a direct line by the compass to the place intended, and with the axe to slash off a small piece of the bark from here and there a tree in the way. The mark thus made on the tree is called a *blaze*, and the road thus formed is called a *blazed road*. Succeeding travellers form a path, which serves very well as a road for horsemen. To make a wagon road of it, the trees in the way are cut down within six or eight inches of the ground. A road to a county town is distinguished by three notches upon the trees, one above another, and is termed a county or *three-notch* road. If a bridgeless river of but moderate width crosses the road, the backwoodsman plunges his horses into it and swims over it.

July 1*st*.—Took leave of Mr. Birbeck and his friends and set off for Harmony. We proceeded without difficulty to Davis's ferry on the Wabash. As we were here informed there was little or no road for some distance on the other side, we hired

a boy to conduct us. After taking us about half a mile, he told us we could easily find the way by keeping the track and observing the blazes on the trees. We therefore paid him and he left us. He had hardly, however, got out of hearing before we completely lost both track and blaze, and rambled about amongst the canes under the trees like blind puppies thrown into a millpond. We shouted, but to no purpose. It being about noon, we gazed at the sun, until we were nearly blind, to find our course, and after much conjecture set off in a direction which we judged must be south. It luckily was so, and brought us to a plantation, where we were directed on our way. We had not travelled far before we came to a bay or lagoon, being a considerable stream of water which separates from the river and joins it lower down, forming an island of a considerable tract of country. We crossed this bay in a canoe and our horses swam over. After fording the Black River we arrived in good time at Harmony, on the Wabash. For about a mile from the town our road lay close to the bank of the Wabash.

Harmony is the settlement of the Harmony Society, composed of about eighty Germans under the ecclesiastical government of their minister, the well-known Mr. Rapp. Here the American is shown a pattern of what industry can accomplish. The Harmonians removed hither from Pittsburg about four years ago. They have built themselves a small town of cabins and have 2,000 acres under

cultivation, the low land covered with wheat and corn, growing in the utmost luxuriance, forming an immense field as far as the eye can reach, and the hilly ground covered with beautiful vineyards. In the town they manufacture almost all they want themselves, selling every year much of their surplus produce to all the country round, and buying little. They have a pretty extensive manufactory of woollen cloth, but have no manufactory of cotton goods. The women as well as the men are fully employed. Whilst we remained here the manufactories were nearly standing idle, all the community being employed in reaping the wheat. We saw hundreds working together, the women in one field and the men in another. I could not ascertain the rules of the Society; they, however, have all their stock in common and each labours for the common good. Mr. Rapp is at their head, but how he came to be so, and to have a brick house like a palace when all the rest are log cabins, is to me a wonder. He appears to have the complete control of them; so much so that, at his command, the husbands and wives separate and the young men and women refrain from marriage. The husbands and wives are at present allowed to live together, but we were told that the period of this privilege would soon expire. The men and women are at all times kept much separate. We were told that when any person joined this Society he was obliged to deposit his property in the common stock, and that he might leave it

when he pleased, but in that case he was only allowed to take out the sum he originally deposited, without interest and without any remuneration for his labour in the meantime. There was service in the church when we arrived. The bell sounded very soon after the reapers returned from the fields, and in an instant the whole town issued from their houses, like bees from their hives, and completely crowded the church, the women on one side and the men on the other. We entered among the rest, but understood not a word of the service, as it was given in Dutch.

Leaving Harmony, we travelled along a well-beaten wagon road to Princeton."

Here we must leave our travellers, as the account of the remainder of the trip and the return to Philadelphia is not preserved. Enough has been quoted to give some idea of the means of locomotion available in the America of the early years of the nineteenth century, when towns were beginning to spring up with great rapidity in the great country whose freedom was then but a few years old. As we have seen, the steam engine was in its infancy. Steamboats on the great rivers were just making their appearance, but the railway which now knits together the vast continent was unthought of.

CHAPTER VII

1820-40 : THE TRANSITION PERIOD: A VISIT TO PARIS

ALTHOUGH in the last chapter we have caught a glimpse of a steamboat in America, we have little to record of the gradual changes from sailing-ship to steamboat and from coach to train which had their inception since the days in which Dr. Roget's continental journey of 1802–3 was made, as he made no very extended journeys during this transition period.

On looking through his notes, however, it is interesting to observe that in August 1824 he makes the first mention of travelling by "steam packet" in a voyage from Liverpool to the Isle of Man in the *City of Glasgow*, occupying from ten in the morning to ten in the evening. He subsequently went on in the same boat to Ardrossan. Another reference in 1826 describes him as setting out in the steam packet from Bristol bound for Ilfracombe, but "obliged to put back on account of a gale of wind."

FIG. 6.—EARLY STEAM PACKET AT DOVER, 1822.

(*From an engraving after Turner.*)

To face p 158.

It may be remarked here that, although the early experiments of Symington in Scotland went back as far as 1801, regular sailings of passenger steamers do not appear to have commenced till 1815, when the first steam packet began to ply between Liverpool and Glasgow. It was in 1816 that the first steam passenger-boat ran across the Channel from Brighton to Havre. As far as can be ascertained, the first steamboat placed on the Dover cross-Channel service was the *Rob Roy*, which started running in 1820. Again we can appeal to Turner for the appearance of these boats. Part of an engraving after a view of Dover in 1822 is reproduced in Fig. 6, and shows one of these tiny boats packed with passengers, and with the long thin funnel which was characteristic of the early steamboats.

We are, however, able to give an account of the conditions prevalent in 1830 from a journal written by Mrs. Mary Roget during a visit to Paris with her husband (Dr. P. M. Roget) in that year. It may be remarked here that Dr. Roget was by this time Secretary of the Royal Society, a position to which he was elected in 1827 and retained for twenty years. Here for the first time we cross the Channel by steam, but we still travel by coach or carriage along the roads. On this occasion the passage was made from Southampton to Havre. The journal will not be given by any means in full, but a few portions which

bear upon the travel and other conditions may be of interest.

"On Friday, the 3rd (Sept.), we left London at ten o'clock, in the stage for Southampton. Arrived about half-past eight. Bright moon; walked on the quay, and went to bed. On Saturday, 4th, at half-past seven, embarked on board the *George IV* steam packet for Havre. Took in passengers at Portsmouth. We sailed along the beautiful smiling coast of the Isle of Wight. When we lost sight of land and found ourselves in the open sea, we gradually settled down to something like a moody silence, feeling a little disturbed by the motion of the vessel. We betook ourselves to different resting-places on deck, and as it was fortunately a very fine day, I remained lying on my mattress on the wooden sofa from eleven o'clock till ten o'clock at night, not being able to raise my head till we approached the harbour at Havre. About two miles from the town we were met by a pilot, and from him and his boatman I first heard the strange sound of a foreign language. By that time the moon had risen, and her dear light beautifully illumined the line of houses on the quay, which, seen through the shipping, had a very picturesque effect. Three Frenchwomen in caps were the foremost of the crowd to receive us. They seemed to be quite *au fait* with the business of the custom house and gave every information required. One of them

opened the door of a closet and told me I must enter to be examined. Accordingly, a woman, placed there for the purpose, proceeded to examine my person, which she did very ineffectually, and I might have been spared the annoyance of having her hand inserted underneath my stays. She said she merely wished to see if I had any *marchandise anglaise* about me, and took no notice of two English shawls I wore—one quite new, which an English friend at Paris had requested me to carry over for her. Two minutes at the farthest served to satisfy Madame, and we were only allowed to bring on shore what we actually wanted for the night out of our carpet bag, which, having a lock upon it, we were obliged to leave in the boat.

We soon walked to the inn, and were immediately shown to our room. But the dismay of an English lady was considerable to find that this room was but a step raised above the court-yard, a tiled floor without carpet and two very high windows, with very thin muslin curtains half-way up, opening into the court or public entrance, so that it was exactly like sleeping in the street. I did not like the idea of undressing in so exposed a situation. To add to which, the upper half of the windows was overlooked by the huge kitchen on the opposite side of the court. Fatigue, however, helped to reconcile me, and after taking coffee I did go to bed, and slept well.

Sunday, 5th.—We sallied forth to see something of the town, which is not pretty. Rain coming on, we took shelter in a cobbler's shop, where he was following his trade, Sunday as it was. Close to his elbow, his wife was dressing a salad for dinner, and in a corner of the room a man was doing something to his toilet. They very civilly placed me in a chair. I could not resist buying a pair of French clogs, for the rain had made the streets so very dirty—a river in the middle of almost every street—that I could scarcely get to the inn without them. An old school-friend of Dr. Roget's called to take us to the Protestant church and invited us to dine with him at six o'clock. The church is a small chapel with a gallery, the gentlemen and ladies divided to the right and left of a narrow centre aisle. . . . When it was time to go to Mr. de R.'s we took a hackney coach (*fiacre*)—much cleaner than those in London—which carried us up the hill where Mr. de R.'s country cottage is situated. . . . Our dinner I must describe, as it differed from our mode of entertaining in some points. The host and hostess sat at the sides of the table opposite to each other, their guests arranged by Madame at the top of the table and the children together below. On the middle of the table was a soup and four covered corner dishes. Madame helped the soup and sent it round. That was removed and fish placed there, carved and handed in the same way. Then *bouillie* was

handed round, and afterwards the four corner dishes were carved—duck stewed with cucumber in the sauce, tongue with tomato sauce, and fricandeau of veal. When this was removed there was another course of five dishes. One was stewed peaches and the others little sweets or puddings. The dessert on the tablecloth and as much cake as fruit. . . . Our coach took us home at night.

Monday.—The first thing we had to do was to get our luggage from the custom house. It could not be got on Saturday night; we arrived too late, and they would not attend to transact business on the Sunday. Passports, too, were refused on Sunday, so that if we had been travelling to see a sick friend at Rouen, we should have been thirty-six hours stationary from legal delays. After we were clear of the custom house, we joined the R.'s in a carriage excursion to Harfleur, a town once a seaport, about four miles up the river. . . ."

The journal goes on to describe a visit to a château near Harfleur and a private concert which Dr. and Mrs. Roget attended in the evening in Havre.

"*Tuesday, 7th.*—At ten o'clock embarked on board the *Navrais* steamboat for Rouen. Our sailing along the Seine was very enchanting. The river winds at the foot of gentle hills, constantly

varying, sometimes gently sloping to the water, with small villages and pretty churches concealed in the thick foliage. At others the broken chalk cliffs terminate abruptly and give more wildness to the scene. At the mouth of the river, where the water undergoes a remarkable change of appearance, the picturesque town of Quillebœuf is situated, projecting considerably into the water. On the opposite side of the river is a picturesque old château whose white walls beautifully contrasted with the dark foliage on the side of the hills. The navigation of this part of the river is dangerous from formidable sandbanks, but the bar once crossed, the sailing is easy and delightful. I am told that the banks of the Seine give us the most beautiful part of the North of France, and we certainly remarked afterwards, as we went from Rouen to Paris by land, that where we lost sight of the river the scene became flat and uninteresting. We dined on deck. As we approached Rouen the hills began to diminish in height, and the magnificent cathedral soon towered above every other object. The first appearance of the town, with the heights of St. Catherine behind, is magnificent. The boulevards afford trees, which appear to mingle with the shipping. The evening sun was shining upon the town and the picture was quite enchanting. We directed our steps to the Hôtel de Rouen on the Quay, and were shown into a very pretty room. As soon as we had deposited our baggage, which

was only slightly inspected by an officer on board the boat, we thought we would make an attempt to go to the theatre, but found the principal one was closed on account of some little disturbance among the workmen. We walked a long way across the bridge to a smaller one, but found that it was closed too, and we had to return through violent rain, from which we took shelter in the first café we met with. It was the first I had been in. They are all furnished with separate tables. . . . Opposite to the entrance generally sits a lady with writing-desk before her. She keeps the accounts, etc., and if you pass by the table you are expected to move to her. She goes by the name of the 'Goddess.' In this case she had a very earthly look, and her votaries were not of the first or second class, and were all men, most of them playing dominoes. . . ."

We will omit the description of Rouen and its objects of interest. The journal continues :—

"We slept well; and, surrounded by a dense fog, set out at 6.30 in the *coupé* of the *diligence* for Paris. . . . We passed by some very pretty villages and dined at Mantes, passed a few vineyards, and arrived in Paris by nine o'clock."

We do not propose to weary the reader with Mrs. Roget's account of all the sights which

they saw and entertainments which they attended in Paris, but will go on to the entry in the journal for September 21st, which reads as follows :—

"We spent this day in packing and took one walk into the Palais Royal. Dined in our room at four o'clock, and were at the coach office by half-past five, to set out by the *malle poste* to Calais. Mr. W. was the third in the carriage, and we travelled all night and the following day through an uninteresting country to Calais, which we reached about half-past ten at night. This coach carries three inside and one in a sort of *calèche* in front with the courier. Five horses drew it, and we were nine or ten hours quicker than the *diligence* on the same road.

Thursday, 23rd.—We intended to have sailed in the steamboat for Dover, which left Calais at twelve this morning. All our boxes were on board, and we trembled as we heard the wind whistling; but as no one spoke of danger, we proceeded without remonstrance. Just as we were stepping on board, the captain was heard to say that he would not advise ladies to embark, for he did not expect to land at Dover, and the disembarking at Ramsgate was very disagreeable. Such disinterested advice we were bound to follow, and we ordered our boxes on shore again. They were not allowed to accompany us, however, without a second visit to the custom house, where one

of our boxes, which had been allowed to pass unmolested in going, was torn open, after having committed the sin of entering the steamboat. Calais is not a very attractive town, and after we had looked into the principal church and walked upon the ancient walls, once strongly fortified against the English, we found nothing to entertain us. A French lady, who was travelling alone to England, proved an agreeable companion. She told us of her life having been saved eight years before on this very voyage by the intrepidity of an English gentleman. They sailed from Calais in fine weather, but before they could reach Dover were overtaken by a storm. The lady was very ill, and gave herself up for lost when they told her that the only chance the passengers had for their lives was to throw themselves into the sea and swim ashore, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The young gentleman told her not to despair, for he would save her, if possible. He took off his coat, tied her to his back, and carried her to the shore alive. . . .

The wind continued very high all day, and there seemed to be little prospect of our being able to sail by the next boat, which was to sail for London at three o'clock on Friday morning. I went, however, early to bed, and at two o'clock we were roused by a message from the captain that the wind had abated a little and he would certainly sail. It required some effort to obey

his summons, and the lady with us was so long in dressing that we were the last on board and found the ladies' cabin filled. The wind seemed to us as high as ever and very cold, and we did not enjoy the idea of being out on deck all night. Roget found me shivering in despair and insisted upon taking me below. His berth in the gentlemen's cabin was the only resource I had, and he sat by me till morning, four hours of tossing and sickness, before we got into the river. We reached the Tower Stairs, London, about six o'clock, and having been detained two hours before we could pass the custom house, we took a coach for Bernard Street just three weeks since we had left it for Southampton."

Dr. Roget's married life was, sad to say, only to prove of nine years' duration; for his wife died in 1833, leaving him with a daughter and a son not yet five years old, the latter of whom, John Lewis Roget (the present editor's father), we shall follow in further travels in later chapters.

Dr. Roget's mother, whose travels we have already recounted, died two years later. At the time, Dr. Roget happened to be in Ireland, and a good idea of the rate at which travel was accomplished at that time is obtained from his hurried journey from Dublin on this occasion to Ilfracombe, where his mother died, and where, as we have already said, she resided during much of

the latter part of her life. According to his notes, Dr. Roget embarked in the Holyhead packet at 7 p.m. on August 9th, landed at Holyhead at 2 a.m. the next day, went by mail (coach) to Birmingham and slept there, proceeding to Ilfracombe, and finally arriving there at 9 p.m. on August 12th.

It may be remarked here that the very numerous references to coach journeys which occur in Dr. Roget's notes refer on some occasions to the "Mail" and on others to coach services known by other names, such as the "Regulator," the "Tantivy," etc. It must be borne in mind that one great point of difference between the mails, which were Government run and existed primarily to transport the mails, carrying passengers incidentally, and the other "stage" coaches, run by private enterprise for passenger carrying, was that the mails travelled at night, which the stage coaches did not, and also they carried a smaller number of passengers.

The joys of winter coaching are shown by the following note on December 26, 1836:—

"Set out for Weston in the 'Tantivy'[1]; stuck for an hour in a snowdrift beyond Salt Hill; stopped at Maidenhead, obliged to sleep there. Next day only reached Oxford. Next day

[1] One of the most well known of the fancy names that were adopted by the different "lines" of coaches.

slept at Enstone and arrived on the 29th at Weston."

A few years later he refers to the fact that his sister, his daughter and a friend were "overturned near Barnstaple."

It may be remarked here that the coaching period in England may be said to have finally closed about 1848, after a reign of less than two hundred years, for it can be reckoned as having commenced in 1657, although the old "stage-wagons" first carried occasional passengers at the end of the sixteenth century. What Harper, the historian of coaching,[1] calls the "golden age" of coaching commenced in 1825 and closed in 1837. In that year the zenith had been reached, but the rapid decline soon took place. In these palmy days coaches on some twenty-eight different mail routes left London every night, running at average speeds, including stops, of from seven to ten miles per hour. As a contrast to Fig. 2, we give in Fig. 7 a representation of a mail coach of 1830 changing horses at the old "White Lion" at Finchley.

It is perhaps remarkable that a man who took such a keen interest in mechanical things as Dr. Roget should have left in his notes no record referring to the steam coaches which, owing to the endeavours of Gurney, Hancock and others, ran with no mean degree of success on

[1] See note on p. 60.

FIG. 7.—IN THE LATER DAYS OF THE MAIL COACH.

The "Bedford Times" changing horses at the old "White Lion," Finchley, 1830.

To face p. 170.

the roads during a period commencing about 1829 and lasting until about 1836. It is not always realized that, considering the primitive resources for the manufacture of machinery then available, these vehicles were far ahead of their time from an engineering point of view, and it was only the prejudice of the uneducated against novelty, the opposition of vested interests, and finally the solution of the problem in another way by the railway engineers, that compelled them to be laid aside and forgotten. Nevertheless, these steam coaches marked a very distinct stage in the development of road locomotion, and if they had been allowed to develop freely and unhindered might have led to a very different system of mechanical traction becoming general long before the advent of the petrol motor.

Dr. Roget makes no definite reference to his first experience of railway travel, but the commencement of the gradual substitution of railways for coach travel was made during the period we are considering. The historic Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened in 1821, but passengers were not regularly carried until 1825. The era of passenger railways really began in 1830 with the inauguration of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, after the winning of the famous locomotive competition at Rainhill in the previous year by Stephenson's "Rocket," now enjoying its well-earned and honoured rest in South Kensington Museum. The next ten years

saw the inception of most of the great lines in this country, but the great rush of capital into railway construction schemes known as the "Railway Mania" did not culminate until 1843.

CHAPTER VIII

1844 :
A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

IN company with his two children and a friend, Dr. Roget made an extended tour of the Continent in the year 1844. His son, John Lewis Roget, was then sixteen years of age, and this tour was the first time that he had been abroad, and selections from his account are given below. Thus the third generation now becomes the historian, and in his turn records his first impressions of a foreign country. In the interval, the day of the railway had fully dawned,[1] and this is the first of our series of journeys in which it was employed ; although, as will be seen, considerable use was made by the party of carriages on the road, especially in Switzerland. As before, we are not giving Mr. Roget's account in full, but confine the selections to those parts which reflect the travel conditions or are otherwise interesting

[1] Here again the contemporary brush of the great Turner shows us something of interest, as "Rain, Steam and Speed," a scene on the Great Western Railway, now in the National Gallery, was painted in 1844.

or amusing. We are now able to illustrate the journeyings to some extent from the traveller's own drawings, for Mr. J. L. Roget was himself an artist of no mean ability.

In the introductory portion of his account the young writer remarks: "Some travel for excitement, some to say they've done so, others to write a book, some in search of knowledge, or health, or plants, or some, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque. This latter pleasure was our aim in the autumn of the year eighteen hundred and forty-four. My father was the only one of the party who had been on the Continent before, and he had not been in Switzerland for forty-one years, when he was compelled to leave Geneva to evade being captured by Napoleon. . . ."

Continuing in Mr. Roget's words:—

"At length the bustle of preparation began to diminish, and on the morning of the 26th of July, boxes and bags were seen descending the staircase and forming a pile in the entrance-hall. At nine o'clock a hackney coach (one of the last of the race), followed by a cab, drove up to the door. Our luggage was placed in the cab and ourselves in the coach, while I mounted on the box by the side of the coachman, who drove us to the Blackwall Railway Station in Fenchurch Street, and (oh, happy omen!) asked no more than his proper

fare. Having travelled by the railway to Blackwall, we found ourselves at the waterside three-quarters of an hour before the boat professed to start. . . . The day was bright and sunny . . . but our enjoyment was in a slight degree diminished by the necessity of looking after certain carpet bags[1] and portmanteaus and depositing them on board the *Soho*, in which we had engaged berths and were to be conveyed to Antwerp. Having performed this duty, and having secured our 'berth-right' by placing our *sacs de nuit* upon certain shelves with bedclothes upon them in a dark cupboard, we sat down quietly on deck to watch the passengers crowding on board, the idle gazers standing on the pier, and the farewell looks, words and kisses of those who were to be left behind. At length the flow of passengers began to cease and the pile of luggage on the deck to attain its maximum height. A few stragglers came hurrying on board, the gangway was removed, an impatient splashing was heard underneath. The pier, the station, the friends and relations receded from our view, as we glided majestically down the river. The novelty of the trip commenced with me very soon. I had never descended the Thames below Woolwich, but notwithstanding the attractions of Gravesend, Herne Bay, Margate, etc., a dinner at two o'clock gave me an opportunity of observing our fellow-travellers, who were with few exceptions English. My

[1] The "carpet bag" as a piece of luggage is now quite obsolete.

attention had been already attracted by two sisters, neither of them remarkably young, who wore most extraordinary and incomprehensible bonnets, flimsy and nightcap like, under one of which appeared a countenance grim and like that of a tigress. The lady to whom this amiable expression belonged was peculiar in another respect, viz. in that of remaining, during the whole day, in the same seat, in the same position, reading the same book, partaking of no visible food, but obstinately retaining her tiger-like expression, her silence and her camp-stool. A pert little man with a kind of brown-holland pinafore and a large telescope formed a contrast to the studious lady. He talked, looked through his telescope, ate, drank, and seemed everywhere at once. There were a few more conspicuous passengers, among whom an aristocratic family who carried their own spoons were prominent.

We passed the Foreland as it was becoming dusk, and I found myself, for the first time in my life, out of sight of land, on a calm sea, glittering in the moonlight. The calmness of the sea and the brightness of the moon produced a visible change in the occupations of the passengers. Ladies who had been keeping themselves quiet belowstairs, and amusing themselves with a few volumes of *Blackwood* (which formed the largest part of the small library in the saloon), appeared on deck, and laying aside all thoughts of illness, joined the rest in passing to and fro. But there

were some upon whom the moon could produce no effect, for a certain young gentleman in a shooting-jacket immediately ordered some fowls and ale, which he was presently seen devouring with great avidity, and the unsentimental little man in a pinafore actually succeeded in forming a rubber at whist. The tigress shut up her book, rose from her seat, and vanished. While, however, we were enjoying ourselves on deck, the moon suddenly disappeared behind a black cloud and was seen no more.

After making ourselves sure that she was not about to return, we all retired to sleep; but that was a luxury denied to us. The draught from the aperture which served as a window, the noise of the engine in the next apartment, and the cramped position which the limited size of the berths prescribed to us [Fig. 8], put sleep out of the question, so we were forced to content ourselves with listening to the splash of the water, the everlasting creaking of the ship and the hoarse voice of the captain giving orders from above. Just as it was becoming light, I began to doze, but when I felt with joy that Morpheus had me—'It's five o'clock, sir,' said the steward; so we all got up, or, as the phrase is, 'turned out.' But lo! the face of nature was changed; the clouds which had obscured the moon had never cleared away, and instead of a bright sun shining in the Thames, a mizzling rain descended on the dreary Scheldt. A dapper little Flemish pilot

stood at the helm and steered us between the numerous sandbanks. . . . A more flat, uninteresting scene is difficult to imagine. There is nothing to see beyond a few Flemish fishing-boats with painted hulls, sandbanks without end, and two straight banks, on which are seen formal avenues, roofs of villages, many of which are lower than the river, and some church-towers at regular intervals. Soon, however, the tall steeple of Antwerp Cathedral appeared on the horizon, and a little after nine o'clock we arrived at the quay. My father and I remained with our keys to undergo the trial of patience inflicted by the Flemish *douane*, whose officers are very strict, opening every neatly packed parcel and penetrating to the very bottom of the trunks. . . . As for us, we escaped without much trouble, and having engaged a porter to carry our luggage [Fig. 9], we followed him through the picturesque streets of Antwerp to the Hôtel St. Antoine. . . ."

We will pass over the account of the visits to some of the objects of interest at Antwerp, where Mr. Roget's artistic interest was much gratified by the masterpieces of Rubens and other artists which abound. "Antwerp," he writes, "is a curious old town, very picturesque, not from its situation, which is as unfavourable for beauty as possible, but for its buildings." During their peregrinations it came on to rain, and "a *commissionnaire* was dispatched for a cab, a convenience

FIG. 8.—ON THE ANTWERP BOAT, 1844.

FIG. 9.—PORTER AT ANTWERP, 1844.

FIG. 10.—GERMAN STUDENTS AT COLOGNE, 1844.

FIG. 11.—BERNESE COSTUMES, 1844.

To face p. 178.

of which Antwerp is not devoid, and," he continues, "we were driven by a being in a blue blouse and a substantial pair of *sabots*. . . ." It is amusing to note that at the table d'hôte at their hotel, "It fell to our lot to sit next to the 'tigress' and the nightcap (which, however, was exchanged for a day-cap), who turned out to be a reasonable being and her sister talkative and agreeable." During one of their walks they wished to have a glance at a building known as the Citadel, and "luckily met with a map of Antwerp in a shop window, which directed us through some dirty, narrow streets to the other end of the town. We therefore quickened our steps, expecting to see some formidable castle or invincible fortress. But all that appeared was a white, square, peaceable looking building, on the top of a green bank. We retraced our steps and . . . started in a rickety but capacious omnibus for the railway station, on the road to which we passed some strong fortifications which fully made up for the pacific Citadel. After the luggage had been duly weighed and paid for, which is the great annoyance of the German railways, we entered the train."

This was a long and tedious day's journey through uninterrupted rain and "provokingly English" scenery; very pretty, however, between Liège and Vervier, consisting of wooded hills and rivers winding in a picturesque manner. "Passing Tirlemont, Liège and Vervier, we arrived at the Prussian frontier, where our passports were demanded,

with the assurance that we should find them at Aix-la-Chapelle, at which station we soon arrived. . . . On our arrival we all entered an omnibus, which conveyed us through the dark and dirty streets of Cologne to the Pariser Hof. . . ."

It is perhaps worth while to give the young man's first impressions of Cologne Cathedral.

"The cathedral or Dom is an elaborate and magnificent structure, but its unfinished state gives it the appearance of some ruin of ancient splendour,[1] though the interior is more entire, and far surpassed my highest expectations. I cannot, however, admire the taste in pursuance of which the roof is gilded and painted with the brightest frescoes. This style does not suit the purposes of the building, though it seems in accordance with the customs and ceremonies of the Catholics. The cathedral, when we visited it, was filled with people attending Mass, which added much to the general effect. . . ."

It was in Cologne that he "first saw a specimen of German students, who are easily known by their short red beards, outlandish dress, swaggering

[1] Cologne Cathedral was far from complete at this time. The foundation-stone of the newer portions had been laid only two years before by Frederick William IV, and it was not till 1880 that the cathedral took the complete form in which we know it to-day.

gait and unstudious appearance [Fig. 10]. The church of St. Peter was the next object to be seen, which contains Rubens's famous altar-piece of the crucifixion of that saint. A bad copy is exposed to view over the altar, which on paying a small fee to the keeper of the church is exchanged for the original. We now returned to our hotel, which is by no means one of the best and partakes of the odoriferous quality of Cologne in general, where every man has a pipe in his mouth. After dinner we walked across the bridge of boats,[1] and, the evening being fine, stayed out . . . until darkness began to close in upon us. Unfortunately we missed our way, which gave us an opportunity of seeing more dirty streets. After wandering about in perplexity for some time, we asked a man with a napkin in his hand in which direction lay our hotel. The man turned out to be the waiter, who said we were close by, which proved to be true. . . ."

"*July 29th.*—At ten in the morning we were on board the steamer bound for Coblentz with the aristocratic family as our fellow-passengers. The moustached member[2] had exchanged his

[1] At that time the bridge of boats was the only bridge over the Rhine at Cologne. Another bridge on the site of the present gigantic Hohenzollern railway bridge (opened in 1910) was constructed in 1855–9.

[2] At this period moustaches were somewhat unusual among the best people in England, the more fashionable facial decoration being whiskers.

glossy black hat for a white one of German manufacture, a very serviceable article, however, and by no means to be despised. But the rain, which descended as if to assert its right of free passage on board the Rhine steamers, soon drove our hero into the cabin or 'Pavilion,' for such is the name given to the well-furnished apartment in the stern which is reserved for those English who prefer a high to a low price, and who will on no account travel without a partition between themselves and their inferiors in wealth. . . .

And now commenced our long-expected trip up the Rhine. Now were we to trace the course of that majestic river, flowing beneath a wooded hill or rocky eminence crowned with some mouldering ruin once a stately castle. Now were our dreams of foreign beauties, of graceful vineyards and a fresh, clear atmosphere to be realized; and we stood upon the damp deck to feast our eyes on Rhenish magnificence. But the idea of being in a foreign land required some imagination on the part of the traveller, for English faces met our eye on every side, and our native language proceeded from the mouths of all. The heavy rain served to render still more dismal the flat and dreary banks of the river. After passing Bonn the scenery improved, and the fine rock of the Drachenfels frowned upon us through the mist. But the ever-falling rain and the prospect of a table d'hôte below drove us, by their combined influence, into the cabin, where, shutting our eyes to the scenery

around, we consoled ourselves with weak soup and sour wine, and with listening to an old lady who was expatiating with great vehemence on the beauties of Father Thames, to the disparagement of those of the Rhine. . . . After dinner the scenery gradually improved, but not so the weather, which continued black and threatening until we arrived at Coblentz, when down fell the concluding shower, intercepting our view of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. . . . "

The party slept the night at Coblentz. " The next day was a complete contrast to that which preceded it, and we had the satisfaction of beholding the scenery in all its beauty, and of expending much of our stock of superlatives on the ruined towers and craggy eminences where they are not disfigured by the formal and unsightly vineyards. The character of the Rhine scenery has, notwithstanding its beauty, a great sameness, and one sketch will suffice for its general appearance. We passed many interesting spots, and at the 'Mouse Tower,' where Bishop Hato is said to have been devoured by rats, we took leave of the beauties of the Rhine, for here the river widens and the banks become flat and uninteresting."

The party landed at Bieberich in order to visit Wiesbaden, whither they drove in a " clumsy post-chaise." The gardens at Wiesbaden are described as being " not unlike our gardens at Chiswick on

a fête day." "Satisfied with what we had seen," he continues, "we ensconced ourselves in a railway carriage, and were soon wafted to Mayence, where, crossing the bridge of boats, we found our steamer with our luggage safe, and taking our *sacs de nuit*, left the rest of the luggage on board, as we were to continue our journey by the same boat on the morrow. . . . We reached Mannheim, after having contended against a smart breeze, in time to start for Heidelberg by the railway. The carriages on this line are remarkably comfortable, being more roomy than usual, and containing a table in the middle."

It is perhaps worth while to quote part of the notes on Heidelberg.

"The town is situated on a spot where Nature seems to have exerted all her powers to render it cheerful and picturesque. At the foot of a wooded slope lie the irregular but handsome buildings which form this curious and interesting old town. Above them the ruined castle frowns upon the gentle Neckar, which flows smoothly between the old town and the woody hill closing the valley on the opposite side. . . . The University and the farm where the students fight their duels having been pointed out to us, we returned to our hotel. There is one more sight worth mentioning here, namely a church, half of which is appropriated to the Protestant and half to the Catholic service, a remarkable instance of religious toleration.

Aug. 1.—The railway, which runs parallel to the 'Black Mountains,' among which Baden-Baden is situated, carried us to Kehl, where our luggage was superficially examined by the French custom-house officers [1] and whence we proceeded by omnibus to Strasbourg, on the opposite shore of the Rhine, and arrived at the Hôtel de la Ville de Paris just in time for the five o'clock table d'hôte, which was served up with all the French attention and subservience to the palate. On entering the town of Strasbourg, our passports were demanded before we passed the massive fortifications, which called forth our admiration. After dinner we visited the cathedral, whose spire is the highest in the world, being 400 feet,[2] but as the building is so encircled with houses, it is difficult to believe its real height. . . . Our attention was called to

[1] Strasbourg, as part of Alsace, was then (as happily it now is again) part of France.

[2] It is not quite certain whether this was strictly true at the time. The height of the Strasbourg tower is 465 feet. This is beaten by the iron spire on the centre tower of Rouen Cathedral (485 ft.), which was added during restoration subsequent to the fire of 1822, and may not have been completed at the time we are considering. The following buildings, etc., of greater height have been completed since: Nicholäi Kirche, Hamburg (1874), 472 feet; Oläi Kirche, Reval (struck by lightning for the ninth time in 1820, but restoration not commenced till about twenty years later), 475 feet; Cologne Cathedral (see p. 180), 515 feet; Ulm Cathedral (completed 1890), 528 feet; Mole Antonelliana, Turin (not commenced till 1863), 536 feet; and the Eiffel Tower, Paris (1889), 985 feet. There are, of course, also various structures in America over 500 feet in height, and of late years masts for wireless telegraph purposes exceeding 800 feet have been constructed.

the great childish clock, which tells the hours, days, months, etc., by puppets and dancing gim-cracks, and seems to be considered as a great wonder. The wonder is, however, how it came to be placed in the cathedral. . . . At two o'clock the next day we were in Switzerland, *having travelled from London to Basle by steam alone.* The Hôtel des Trois Rois, where we were quartered, is a new, clean, comfortable house. . . . Before the front are always a large number of travelling carriages drawn up, and the *voituriers* to whom they belong are seen lounging about the door, waiting for hire, or gazing listlessly on the three painted Kings who adorn the portico with wooden solemnity.[1]

Basle is truly a smiling, cheerful, clean-looking town. Its picturesque streets and quiet English beauty, its interesting cathedral and swiftly flowing river, render it an attractive halting-place for the traveller in Switzerland. Behind the cathedral is a small terrace which commands the view of the Rhine, on a bend of which the town is situated, and of the picturesque bridge which

[1] The three monarchs in question are believed to be Rudolph III, the last King of Burgundy (993–1032); his nephew, the Emperor Henry II, whom he had named as his successor; and Conrad II, into whose empire the kingdom of Burgundy was actually incorporated (Henry having predeceased Rudolph). The legend is that these three met in the eleventh century at an old inn on the site of this hotel, but it is obvious they were not all three reigning at the same time.

It is interesting to compare this account of Basle with that of Mrs. C. Roget in 1783.

connects the parts of the town on opposite sides of the river. . . . We had originally intended proceeding to Geneva by Bienne and Neuchâtel, but as there seemed to be a good chance of fine weather, it was determined to strike off from Bienne to Berne and Fribourg, and thence to Vevey and by the lake to Geneva. We therefore engaged one of the *voituriers* who was loitering about the door, and whom our host recommended as civil and honest, to take us to Vevey in four days. We had reason to be satisfied with our choice, for Samwel Suter (such was his name) turned out to be an active and obliging young fellow and attentive and kind to his horses. His *voiture* suited us well, and can be opened or closed at pleasure. . . . He wore a picturesque white pudding-basin hat, a brown jacket, red plush waistcoat and loose trousers."

It is not necessary to follow the whole journey in detail. The route followed the course of the River Birs, entering the canton of Berne at the village of Lauffen and proceeding amid more and more picturesque scenery through the Val Moutiers (Münster Thal) and on to the village of Pavannes, where the night was spent.

" We rose at five and were off at six, in compliance with the earnest request of Samwel, and ascending for a quarter of a mile we passed through the Pierre Pertuis, an arch in the rock that spans the road,

bears a defaced Roman inscription and separates the valley of the Birs from that of the Suze. . . . At Bienne, the horses were watered and then dragged us up a hill whence there is a fine view of the lake and town of Neuchâtel [1] and the range of the Jura beyond, among which the Chasseral and the Weissenstein are conspicuous.

And now we felt we were really in Switzerland. One by one we perceived the characteristics so often spoken of—the picturesque wooden cottages with their carved balconies and staircases outside, the peasants with quaint costumes (Fig. 11), the industrious women with their broad-brimmed hats. Everything around reminded us of the country in which we were. But the costumes, though quaint, are not always to be admired, especially, I think, in the canton de Berne, where they seem to be generally adopted. The working dress of the women is usually a dark blue or black, but on Sundays and particular occasions they make use of brighter colours and display a variety of ribbons, necklaces, etc. But the Bernese costume is on the whole rather the reverse of picturesque, and its wearers the reverse of good-looking. The dress, however, is always kept very neat, and the shirt-sleeves which the women wear clean and well starched. . . . At Arberg we made our midday halt. . . . The sun had now driven away nearly

[1] It must have brought back strange feelings to Dr. Roget to behold, after all these years, the town at which, in 1803, he had rejoined his pupils after his escape from Geneva.

all the clouds, excepting those near the horizon, behind which were those wonderful objects we were all straining for a glimpse of, the Bernese Alps. I had been always told that those who see snow mountains for the first time generally mistake them for clouds, and I accordingly expected a white, fleecy appearance on the horizon, and looked eagerly at the distance with that conviction when Samwel turned round and, pointing with his whip, exclaimed '*Voilà les glaciers*'; but it was some time before I saw them, not because I thought them clouds, but because I looked too low, for there, high up among the clouds, clear, distinct, with outlines well defined, were the Bernese Alps—not the whole range, such as we saw them since, but parts, detached, struggling to be seen and seeming not to belong to earth, and, by the imperfect manner in which they appeared, yet more wonderful and more difficult to believe in. . . . After traversing a hill, covered with shady firs, we entered the town of Berne, and alighting for a moment to see the famous bears of Berne, which are kept in a pit at the entrance of the town, at the public expense,[1] proceeded to the Hôtel du Faucon. . . .

Aug. 4.—There is a certain terrace called the Platform high above the River Aare whence are

[1] Bears have been kept at the public expense at Berne ever since 1513, but the bear has been identified with the town, which possibly takes its name from that animal, for a much longer period, for the bear figures in the earliest known seal of the town in 1224.

seen in all their majesty the Oberland Alps.[1] . . . When clouds hang over the horizon, the view is bounded by a chain of lofty mountains, far different from our native land. But when the clouds ascend, new forms appear, and as the clouds gradually clear away, another chain of mountains towering high above their neighbours becomes visible, grander in form and standing alone in undisputed superiority. . . . Berne is a curious, picturesque, interesting, rickety old town, whither an old antiquary might retire from the busy world and end his days in peace; a town of which a rapid glance makes you fond, and to which a few hours' acquaintance makes you attached. Berne seems to pride itself upon its arms, which are a little black bear walking uphill and putting out its tongue, for stone bears are to be met with at nearly every corner and effigies of the same favoured quadruped are painted on many of the walls. . . ."

The description of the famous clock is amusing.

"At twelve o'clock we stationed ourselves before the old clock-tower at the end of the principal street, in order to hear, or rather to see, the clock strike; and a quaint piece of antiquity it is. A minute before the hour, a puppet dressed as a jester strikes a bell, and immediately a procession of bears marches in great solemnity before the

[1] Dr. Roget, with his mother, had enjoyed the view sixty-one years before, but had not been to Berne since (see p. 35).

throne of a wooden king with a long beard, who makes known the hour by turning an hour-glass which he holds in one hand and lowering his sceptre with a yawn at each stroke, and the performance ends with the crowing of a painted cock which is perched on the top. This is an amusing absurdity, and much more in character with its situation than the more elaborate and less antiquated puppet-show clock of Strasbourg Cathedral." [1]

Leaving Berne, our travellers went on to Fribourg, where they duly admired the famous organ in the cathedral, and continued their journey next day, making their noonday halt at Bulle, "about a mile from the village of Gruyères, so noted for the cheese made in the surrounding valleys. . . .

After the picturesque village of Châtel St. Denis, the road enters the canton de Vaud, and descending gradually, gave us our first glimpse of the lake of Geneva. The blue and placid lake lay at the foot of lofty mountains, yet with graceful outlines and varied tints; while higher eminences crowned with snow towered above them and an evening mist arising from the water gave a hazy softness to the whole. . . . The horses seemed glad to hear Samwel's crack of the whip, announcing our approach to a resting-place, and making a last effort, they dragged us at a rapid pace to the door of the Trois Couronnes Hotel at Vevey. Just as we were under cover, down fell the predicted

[1] See p. 186.

rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning. . . . The storm continued to rage wildly among the mountains, rendering the lake, before so calm and tranquil, troubled, and hurrying about the blue waters in angry waves.

> Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath formed a tongue,
> And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
> Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!
>
> *Byron.*"

The journey to Geneva was made by steamer on the lake.

"After passing Morges, Rolle and Coppet, Geneva appeared in sight, and increasing slowly as we approached, at length received us on its quay, whence we were conducted across a bridge to the Hôtel des Bergues. This gigantic establishment is situated in the most lively part of the town on the northern shore, where the lake pours itself into the River Rhône."

Geneva has figured in several of the journeys described in this volume and is indissolubly connected with the Roget family. In view of the events of 1803, it must have been with extraordinary interest that the young man beheld the city for the first time. He sums up his first impressions as follows :—

"The town of Geneva combines in a remarkable degree beauty of situation with local interest. On the shore of the calm and pure lake, its houses are reflected in the clear blue water and are washed by the waves of the swift Rhône, which rushed through it as though rejoicing in its might. On one side is the mighty range of the Jura, and on the other the lofty heights of Savoy surround their chief, the great monarch of mountains. The town itself, so long distinguished for the list of great men it has produced, still retains its peaceful and industrious appearance. The array of good hotels and clean white houses which surround the quay fills the traveller who arrives by the lake with pleasing anticipations, and, like a well-worded preface, increases his desire of perusing what is to follow.

There is, however, a curious mixture of good modern buildings with ruinous and irregular houses of an earlier date. Thus the Rhône, after issuing from the lake and making way for the little Ile de Rousseau, meets with an obstruction in its impetuous course, a picturesque pile of irregular buildings, which compels it to divide its fury, and it rushes past in two separate streams, which again unite at the further side of the town and continue their way till joined by the cold and muddy Arve, fresh from its source among the glaciers. These two rivers, one clear and of a deep blue, the other thick and of a muddy white, refuse to mix their waters, and pursue their course for a considerable distance after their confluence

with a distinct boundary line between them, separating the two colours in a very remarkable manner. The situation of the confluence is also very pretty, and forms a pleasant drive from Geneva.

Geneva is surrounded by fortifications which are now used as promenades, and is entered by three gates: the Porte de Rive, on the south; the Porte neuve, to the west; and the Porte Cornavin, to the north. . . . The varied pile of buildings of which Geneva is composed is crowned by the Église de St. Pierre, situated on the highest spot in the town. This church or cathedral is very simple in its architecture, but its two square towers have a picturesque appearance among the surrounding houses.[1] The view from a broad avenue called the *Treille* at the back of the town is very pleasing. Below lie the Botanic Gardens, the scene of many a deed of bloodshed and cruelty in former times, but now a peaceful promenade. Beyond the fortifications a well-cultivated plain stretches away from the black Jura on the right to the precipitous Salève on the left. These rich materials, illuminated by a setting sun, form a charming prospect. . . .

Most of our friends in Geneva were at their

[1] The iron spire, which is now a conspicuous feature of the cathedral, had not then been added. The cathedral was originally built in 1034, but during the succeeding centuries was several times damaged by fire. The successive restorations present examples of various styles, not all quite in keeping with one another, and including a Corinthian portico added in 1752.

campagnes (or country residences) on the banks of the lake, so we had several opportunities of visiting the environs of Geneva. . . . There is much good society in Geneva in the winter, when the inhabitants have returned to their town houses, and some gaiety, though, by one of the old laws, dancing is forbidden after twelve o'clock. The dinners afford a great variety of dishes and an endless number of different kinds of wine. The gentlemen do not remain at table after the ladies have retired, but give them their arms into the drawing-room. Dinner parties are as early as three or four o'clock, whence another meal is introduced called a *gouté*, which consists of tea, coffee, and rich cakes and pastry. These sometimes form rather a sickening combination. We were invited one morning to a breakfast with our cousin, M. Roget, at his *campagne* near Coligny.[1] The proceedings commenced with soup and fish, meat, etc., wine and fruit—indeed, a complete dinner. After all this, coffee, tea, toast, honey, etc., enough to last for a

[1] From fuller particulars, in a diary, we learn that this was quite a family gathering. The M. Roget referred to was M. Philippe Jérémie Roget (a second cousin of Dr. Roget). His wife and two sons, David and Louis, and two daughters, Caroline and Julie, were present. Another branch of the family was represented by Professor Jâques François Roget (Professor of History at Geneva University), also a second cousin of Dr. Roget, with his wife and two of his sons, Eugène and Philippe. The last mentioned was the father of Professor F. F. Roget, now living in Geneva, who is well known in this country as a writer and lecturer. There was at this time no representative of Dr. Roget's own branch of the family then living in Geneva.

week. After breakfast, a pleasant row on the lake occupied the rest of the morning."

We will not dwell further on the occupations of the party during their ten days' stay in Geneva. They finally left on August 19th at four in the morning by carriage *en route* for Chamonix.

"The road for some distance we had before traversed in our ascent of the Salève, but continuing to the left, we entered the Sardinian territory.[1] At the frontier, our bags were opened, and the officer appeared particularly interested in the perusal of my diary, which he no doubt thought was some heretical tract or other. After this ceremony, and a short delay for the examination of passports, we continued our route through scenery of a most varied character, until the village of Cluse appeared at the entrance of a narrow gorge. Cluse, according to Murray, was inhabited by a numerous and industrious set of men, and was famed for its manufacture of watches. But now the face of all things was changed: nearly the whole town had been destroyed by a fire, and nothing was seen but whole streets of blackened walls and remnants of once happy homes; while here and there a houseless female wandered through the deserted streets or a group of ragged children sat among the ruins in helpless idleness. The carriage rattled quickly past the crumbling inn,

[1] At that time the kingdom of Sardinia included Savoy.

where once it had been welcomed, past the heaps of rubbish and neglected gardens, till a turn in the road hid us from the melancholy sight, and attracted our attention to the firm rocks of nature, which stand unaltered, age after age, while generations pass away and human habitations crumble into dust. . . . We soon found ourselves at St. Martin, where we dismissed our carriage, as the road becomes too rough and narrow for any conveyance but a *char-à-banc*. . . . We continued our journey in two of these. The *char-à-banc* is a kind of one-sided boat on wheels, and carries two, or in an emergency three persons. It is unprovided with springs, and is consequently a very rough conveyance. Two horses being attached to each, we rattled away over a stony road surrounded by stunted trees and fragments of rock till we arrived at the foot of a steep ascent, whereupon I jumped out and commenced walking. . . .

On our arrival at Chamonix, we found that Mr. P. had succeeded in obtaining beds for us at the Hôtel du Nord, a building which is used to receive the overplus of travellers from the Hôtel de l'Union. The influx of travellers was so great that all the hotels were soon completely filled, and many were obliged to put up with makeshift accommodation, such as whole families sleeping in one room, straw supplying the place of beds, and eight persons were reported to have slept upon a billiard table."

Guides were duly engaged for the mountain excursions in the neighbourhood, and one of them

turned out to be a relative of the great Balmat, who had accompanied Dr. Roget forty-one years before, and the other a son of Couttez, who had been one of De Saussure's guides. It is unnecessary to detail these excursions over mountain regions now well known to many, and the party did not attempt any very serious climbing. It is perhaps worth while to give Mr. Roget's first impressions of the Mer de Glace. Describing the view from the little inn of the Montanvert, he writes :—

"We were still in the region of vegetation; a few withered pines struggle for existence among the chilling blasts of the icy atmosphere. But the withered pines serve but as a foreground, for not a tree is to be found on the bare rocks which form the leading features of the view. Nothing is to be seen but rugged outlines and craggy precipices, short *aiguilles* and field of snow; a vast valley winding between, and paved with blocks of ice as though a wide river had been agitated into mighty waves and suddenly frozen. This is the Mer de Glace. Wonderful indeed must these scenes have appeared to those who first beheld them, and no wonder that these mountains were so long shunned and dreaded as the *montaignes maudites*. When we had gazed long at the dreary scene we resumed our alpenstocks and began to descend a steep path which brought us to a level with the glacier. The ladies being provided each with the sure arm of a guide and the gentlemen

trusting to their alpenstocks, we set foot upon the ice, and I found it much easier to walk upon than I had imagined, for the surface, though uneven, has a roughness which often prevents the foot from slipping. The ice is of the purest white, but the deep fissures or crevasses are of a beautiful blue colour. . . ."

The party left Chamonix on August 23rd for Martigny via the Tête Noire, most of the party on mule-back, but it is recorded in Mr. Roget's diary that he "rode a mule for five minutes, but did not like it."

On the following day :—

"The project was to go to the Grand St. Bernard, sleep at the *hospice*, and return the next morning. The landlord promised us fine weather, so we . . . started in a *char-à-banc* drawn by two mules, who were to serve as beasts of draught the first part of the journey and then, when the path is no longer practicable for *chars*, to carry our ladies on their backs. . . . At Liddes, a small village high in the mountains, we alighted for refreshment. Here the road becomes impracticable even for *chars-à-bancs*, and the mules which had been drawing us were accordingly fitted with side-saddles. Just, however, as we entered the house, down fell a most unsatisfactory quantity of rain, and we began to feel that were we on an unsheltered

pass just at that time we should not be as well off as we at present were. However, we did not let any anticipations of the future prevent us from enjoying the comforts of the present, but did ample justice to some homely fare which our landlady, an ancient dame with about as much ribbon on her head as would have trimmed half a dozen ordinary caps, set before us and dignified with the name of *déjeuner à la fourchette*. . . . At another table were seated two young Frenchmen who . . . had just arrived from the *hospice*. They gave a most chilling description of their walk, and described the delights of wading through snow and of raindrops freezing upon their dress. The *hospice* being completely enveloped in a cloud, they were totally ignorant of its form, situation and general appearance. They ended by advising us most strongly not to proceed. We were, however, extremely loath to give up an expedition on which we had counted for so long a time, and we determined to wait and see whether the weather was resolved to spite us . . . but nothing was to be seen but rain, rain, rain. . . ."

In the end the party deemed it advisable neither to proceed nor to return, and slept the night where they were, returning to Martigny the next morning, "though the accommodation was none of the best, and the ladies were loud in their invectives against the minute disturbers of their rest."

From Martigny our travellers proceeded along the straight road up the Rhône Valley.

"Our first stage was at Riddes, where we procured another *voiture* and proceeded on our way towards Sion. As the evening was to bring us to the Baths of Loesche, preparatory to crossing the Gemmi into the Oberland, we had not much time to see the places through which we passed. I much regretted not seeing more of Sion, as I think it the most picturesque town I have ever seen. Two broken rocks rise precipitately from the plain. Round these the town is built, and upon them towers are constructed which add to the natural beauty of the bare rock. . . . Our next stage was at Sierre, where we rested while mules were prepared to take us up to the baths. . . . We were at length told that the mules were ready, of which we had ordered four, to carry the two ladies, my father and the luggage. Two of the animals, however, turned out to be ponies, and the remaining two possessed much more of the donkey's than of the horse's nature. That which carried the luggage immediately evinced a desire not to move; then the luggage evinced a desire to move by itself and to slide gradually off. Then the chief guide began to talk a mixture of French, German and I don't know what, and all the rest to talk a mixture of totally unknown ingredients. However, we did start somehow or other, in a manner which was, I suppose, satisfactory to the

guides, for they manifested their satisfaction by calling out to one another at the top of their voices, sometimes uttering articulate sounds and sometimes making unearthly yells. The road . . . soon ascends, leaving the village of Loesche, or Leuk, on the right, and continues to wind up the mountain until high above the valley. A sharp turn brought us to the brink of a lofty precipice, down which we descended by a narrow winding path, with nothing but a crazy wooden railing between us and the gulf below. The path again ascends a hill covered with pine-trees, and then wanders on over rugged ground, now and then affording a glimpse of a mountain village on the opposite side of the ravine, looking more like a swarm of bees than a collection of houses. . . . We went journeying on in this manner until darkness began to close in around us. But as the shades of evening began to heighten the romantic beauty of the objects around us, the scenery became more and more grand. Before us rose a dark and frowning precipice, which seemed to increase on our approach and to expand on either side until we were almost encircled by the rocky barrier; and then at length the lights which indicated the situation of the baths welcomed us to their savage home."

Here, unfortunately, the full account breaks off, but from a diary in a briefer form we are able to trace the general course of the remainder of the tour.

With four mules and three guides, one of whom was a woman who acted as interpreter, the party set out across the Gemmi. Unfortunately, the female guide was struck by a piece of falling rock and injured. She was left in charge of two priests who happened to be on the road. Staying at Kandersteg, they proceeded to Interlaken, Grindlewald, Meiringen and Lucerne, and over the St. Gothard via Faido to Mogadino (at the head of Lake Maggiore). A few extracts from the diary relating to the journey from Mogadino to Sesto Calende (at the south end of the lake) and on to Milan may be given. They do not show very favourable first impressions of Italy.

"12*th August*.—Poured with rain the whole day. Started by steamer at seven. I stood on deck with mackintosh and umbrella all the time, but saw very little. Borromean Islands, ugly, built-up things. Colossal statue close to a house near Arona. I don't like it. Arrived at Sesto at about half-past twelve. Captain told us that all the luggage would go to the custom house, so we landed in a boat, and giving our passports, ate some dinner, having previously taken places in the *velocifer*[1] for Milan. After dinner we went to the custom house to open our bags, but found the steamboat had taken them off to Mogadino. Obliged to sleep at the dirty inn to wait for our luggage. Took a little walk in the dirty town,

[1] Diligence.

tea in the dirty *salle*, and bed in our dirty bedrooms."

The next morning the luggage turned up, and the journey was continued by the diligence to Milan.

"Dull, tedious road; diligence very slow, but quick on entering villages. Post-boys got off to gather nuts. Arrived at Milan at about nine. They took our passports. Got man to take our luggage to inn. . . . Went to six hotels and all full but last, where we obtained beds. My father and I sleeping in the *salle-à-manger*. Beds cost 25 francs for the night. The Italians are all cheats!"

It is recorded that the next morning they found quarters at another hotel for 12 francs each. Dr. Roget met a number of friends in Milan who were attending a scientific meeting then being held. It is not necessary to dwell upon the sightseeing and entertainments enjoyed in Milan, but the following note on a dance is amusing:—

"Magnificent rooms, gardens illuminated. About 1,500 people. We had to pay for the ices. Grand Duchess and five Princes came. Dancing commenced; two good military bands, one in garden, one in ballroom. No one was allowed to waltz at the same time as the Princes, who are great

sticks and reminded one of the puppets. The dances were the *Waltzer*, danced even faster than in England, and the *Contradanza Francese*, which is nothing but a quadrille interspersed with bows. They walk the quadrilles. The gentlemen wear white and even coloured trousers; white neck-cloths rather in the minority."

The party left Milan on August 20th. Travelling once more by railway (they had not been on a railway since arriving at Basle) to Monza, they took the diligence to Como and steamboat to Cadenabbia, and here it is satisfactory to find that, notwithstanding his first bad impression of the Italian lakes, the diarist is emphatic in his praise of the scenery. The return through Switzerland, which need not be described in detail, was made via Chiavenna (taking steamer as far as Colico), the Splugen, Ragatz (where they visited the hot springs of Pfeffers), and Zurich. Thence the diligence took them to Schaffhausen, where a halt was made to see the falls of the Rhine. A *voiturier* was engaged to take them on via Waldshut to Basle. As showing the speed of railway travel in those days, it is interesting to note that the travellers left Basle by train at 11 a.m. and arrived at Strasbourg at five, "just in time for the table d'hôte." [1] The railway journey was continued next day from Kehl, which was reached by omnibus,

[1] Just before the war this journey could be performed in under two hours.

and where the customs were passed on entering Germany. The diary again remarks: "Beautiful carriages, very wide and deep, with a table." Proceeding by this comfortable train to Mannheim, the party went on by boat down the Rhine to Cologne, whence they started in a train "a quarter of a mile long, very slow," for Brussels. After a day in Brussels, they proceeded by train to Ostend, seeing a little of Bruges by the way. The voyage from Ostend to Dover is described as follows:—

"Started at half-past eight in the mail steamer. Boat very small and sailed slowly. Came to rough water immediately. . . . Ladies very sick. . . . Passage nine and a half hours.[1] Arrived at Dover at six. Left luggage on board and went to Ship Hotel. Discovered that the Boulogne boat had arrived just before us, so could not get our luggage from custom house for two hours. Gave our keys to Mr. Birmingham, the *commissionnaire*, who got us our luggage, and I believe saved us some expense in duties."

The journey to London next day (September 7th) was made by train, and the diary remarks: "Extraordinary railway—long tunnels." The route seems to have been Folkestone, Tonbridge, Reigate and Croydon to London Bridge. In this con-

[1] The passage, in favourable weather, now occupies about three hours.

nection it is interesting to note that the South-Eastern Railway was opened on February 6th of that very year (1844), and was then the only line from Dover to London, as the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, with which it is now amalgamated, was not opened till 1860. The final entry in the diary is : " Hackney-coach home."

CHAPTER IX

1851 :
A WALKING TOUR IN THE EIFEL AND MOSELLE DISTRICTS

SEVEN years later, Mr. J. L. Roget, who in the meantime had completed his studies at Cambridge and was now following the profession of the law at Lincoln's Inn, took a short trip on the Continent, of which he has left a detailed account. This time the circumstances were somewhat different, as this was principally a walking tour with two friends, and it embraced some less well-known districts in the regions of the volcanic hills of the Eifel and the banks of the River Moselle. We are fortunate to be able to illustrate the account with examples of Mr. Roget's skill as an artist by reproducing a few sketches from his ever-ready pen and pencil.

As in 1844, the crossing was made from London to Antwerp, starting on August 30th. As to the journey out, Mr. Roget writes: "We had a very tolerable passage from London, but the late stormy weather left an unpleasant swell behind,

FIG. 12.—MALMEDY, 1851.

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which made me a little seasick in the evening. We soon gave up our intention of crossing in the fore-cabin. I passed the night on deck, where we stretched mattresses, and with the aid of my rug and a thick cloak, borrowed from a friend, managed to keep myself warm, and to sleep comfortably until suddenly awakened by a brilliant rocket sent up close to my ear as a sign for a pilot to take us up the Scheldt. Towards morning the weather became colder and the sky overcast, and when we reached Antwerp the rain was descending very steadily." During a look round the town the trio visited the museum, which, he says, " we ought certainly to have visited in our tour of 1844. The Rubenses are magnificent. . . . A great number of bearded little artists, in blue frocks and dirty linen, were standing on steps and copying the finest pictures. We walked through the beautiful Bourse, which was just then crowded with merchants coming on 'change. Our strange appearance in odd-looking caps and wet coats dripping about the cloisters seemed to attract the attention of the honest men of the commercial interest. . . . We again started, knapsacks in hand, to the railway station, where we arrived long before the train started, as we had allowed time for losing our way. We accordingly seated ourselves in the third-class waiting-room, which room became filled with Belgian soldiers, who seemed as boyish in their manners as in their appearance. One, who was in a somewhat

'glorious' state, entertained the company with theatrical recitations and French revolutionary songs (so far as we could make out). The train started, and we whirled along, packed pretty tightly with our noisy little warriors, who, however, left us at Malines, before which the vinous (or perhaps beery) youth had roared himself to sleep." There is no need to dwell upon the halt at Brussels nor the railway journey on to Liège, where the little party proceeded another five miles in the train to Chaudfontaine, where they spent the night of September 2nd. It had originally been intended to walk to Chaudfontaine from Liège, but this was prevented by rain.

On the following day they "left Chaudfontaine in the rain at seven, and travelled by railway to Pepinster, whence an omnibus took us through a succession of very pretty valleys and some picturesque villages to Spa,[1] where we breakfasted. We set off with our knapsacks on our backs for Malmedy. The road ascends for four miles and crosses a large moor, from which, however, is an extensive panorama, very like those from the high ground in Devonshire, the views being coloured by patches of sunshine in many places. On crossing the Prussian frontier we asked whether our luggage was to be 'visited,' but were told that the authorities at Malmedy

[1] Spa became famous later on as the German headquarters during part of the Great War and the scene of various Conferences afterwards.

would see to that. No one, however, did ask for either passport or baggage, which was rather extraordinary. Malmedy [see Fig. 12] is a picturesque town, famous for shoeleather and smelling of tanpits. It is prettily situated amongst green valleys, and the clean, well-appointed houses of the tanners give a lively appearance to the suburbs. The inhabitants seem very civil people, and the children are charming." On account of the bad weather the continuation of the journey to Hillesheim was made "cooped up in the *Schnellpost*," through Butgenbach, Losheim and Stadt Kyll.

"The diligence was comfortable enough, being much more roomy than the English stage-coaches, the chief difference consisting in the atmosphere in the former being somewhat thick with tobacco smoke, in consequence of the number of pipes usually at work therein. There was but little to see on the road, the country being very dreary nearly the whole way. It is by no means unpleasant to be entirely out of the beaten track of the English travellers. Our fellow-passengers and guests at the inns seem to be chiefly German bagmen. . . .

[*Sept. 5th.*]—At length we have been favoured with a tolerably fine day, and have taken advantage of it by walking from Hillesheim to Gerolstein. Not being pressed for time, we halted occasionally and made use of our sketchbooks, some of the

results of which halts I hope to convey home some fine day.

Our road led us through several small villages; near one of them is a fine old ruined castle called Casselberg. It is remarkably picturesque, with a fine tall keep, and skirted by graceful foliage. In the courtyard and ruined banqueting-hall are plenty of shrubs and bright little wildflowers. One great charm is the absence of guides and *commissionnaires* and traces of English tourists. In one of the outworks we started a couple of owls. A number of hawks has been hovering over our heads during the day. We are now in the heart of the country, amongst the German peasantry, and a remarkably civil and intelligent set they turn out to be. They seem very industrious, and their fields often bear a thoroughly English aspect.

Gerolstein, little more than a village, is situated on the side of a steep hill, crowned with an attenuated ruin. On the opposite side of the valley is a rather remarkable hill, on the brow of which are some bold volcanic pieces of rock, and on the summit is a dry crater surrounded by lava. In a well close to the River Kyll (a tributary of the Moselle) is a constant supply of mineral water, which comes bubbling from I know not where and affords a most deliciously cool and refreshing draught, superior to anything which Messrs. Schweppe & Co. ever manufactured. There are many little customs here which cannot but delight

FIG. 13. -PEASANTS AT GEROLSTEIN, 1851.

FIG. 14.—PARTY OF PILGRIMS NEAR PELM, 1851.

FIG. 15.—HERR PANTENBURG.

FIG. 16.—GERMAN GENTLEMAN ON HIS WAY TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

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a lover of the picturesque. The carts and agricultural machines drawn by oxen, the herds of goats and cows driven through the streets, the large long baskets carried on the backs of the women [see Fig. 13], their fashion of tying a clean white handkerchief over the head, etc.

We left Gerolstein on foot. Our road led us through Pelm, a village near the Casselberg mentioned above, and then, turning to the right, crossed some dreary country to Kirchweiler. For a considerable way we followed two parties of pilgrims, one consisting of about twenty women and the other of rather more, each being headed by one or two men. The women were arranged in two columns, and marched side by side repeating rosaries. Their appearance, with clean white handkerchiefs over their heads and brightly coloured ones round their necks, and their gowns pinned up round their waists, each carrying a basket or bundle, and all umbrellas, was highly picturesque. [See Fig. 14.]

From Kirchweiler we proceeded to Hintersweiler, and thence to Dochweiler, and made our way by a road through a park-like *wald* or forest to Daun, a prettily situated place with a sort of *château* occupying the site of an ancient castle. Here we took a *butterbrod*, and then, guided by an intelligent lad, pursued our way down a pretty Devonshire-like valley, and up a steep path to three very remarkable crater-lakes or *maars*. The first, the Gemunden *maar*, is surrounded by brush-

wood; the second, which is the highest, the Wehnwelter Maar, is very dreary. One little church (only used for funerals) is perched on one side of the rim. Numerous shrines and crosses marking the spots where people have been lost in the snow are to be seen on the road. The road passes between this *maar* and the Schalkenmeere Maar, lying at a lower level with the village of Schalkenmeere on its bank, and then crosses a good deal of high tableland. We reached Brockscheid, and a young man accompanied us for some distance into a wood and pointed out our path. He was a good specimen of an intelligent peasant, but laboured under the common German delusion that there were no mountains in England. We offered him a *trinkgeld*, but it was with great difficulty that we could persuade him to take it. Emerging from the *wald*, we came to the villages of Eckfeld and Buckholtz, and down through a beautiful wood to lower Manderscheid.

I was totally unprepared for the extraordinary beauty of this place. The River Leiser makes two or three elaborate bends at the bottom of a richly wooded valley, and encloses within one of its windings a fine bold rock, upon which is perched a highly picturesque ruin of a castle, with a group of still more picturesque cottages at the base. On the opposite side is a steep road leading to Manderscheid itself; this we ascended, and presented ourselves at the door of the inn, opposite the *Post Expedition* and kept by Herr Pantenburg.

FIG. 17.—THE WOLF INN, WITTLICH, 1851.

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The landlord, an oldish man, with his hands in his pockets, received us in a fatherly manner and told us that we should have our supper very soon. [This gentleman's portrait is given in Fig. 15.] We employed ourselves meanwhile in making our notes and finishing our sketches, while Herr P. sat on the sofa and watched us until he fell asleep. He slept some time, but at length woke up, apparently hungry, for he began to bustle about, and in a short time our supper appeared, and Herr Pantenburg joined us in our repast, as well as a man who appeared to be the waiter and boots, etc., and a pleasant kind of traveller, I suppose a bagman. The supper turned out to be excellent—a dish of delicious trout, followed by *sauerbraten* (meat steeped in vinegar), peas, salad, etc. We did ample justice to this meal, but being somewhat cold after it, M. asked Frau Pantenburg, who waited upon us, whether there was any punch to be had. The good lady, who had naturally a very forbidding aspect, seemed to consider the question as an insult, and repelled it with some asperity. Next morning our friend the bagman (I suppose he was a bagman—he called himself a merchant) informed us that we were in the good graces of Herr Pantenburg. It appears that he had said that we were 'good boys,' but that all the other English were 'naughty boys.' After breakfast we went down into the ravine, explored the castle, made one or two sketches, and bathed in the river.

We then bid an affectionate farewell to Herr Pantenburg.

[*Sept. 8th.*]—We walked as far as Wittlich. A guide from Manderscheid conducted us during the first half of our day's journey, as we were anxious to visit on our road some curious extinct volcanoes. The first, called the Meerfeld, is very large, and contains in one part a *maar* or crater-lake. The path to this crater lies through a pretty wooded valley, which was rendered the more interesting by groups of peasants scattered among the trees enjoying their fine Sunday afternoon. Leaving the Meerfelder Maar, we ascended the Mosenkopf, an old volcano with a very perfect crater, now filled with bog earth (peat), which is collected for fuel, as in Ireland. Our guide was very communicative, and M., who acted as our interpreter, extracted from him a good deal of local information. The peasants in that part, he told us, live almost entirely on potatoes. They eat meat once a year only, but then they devour as much as they can. He told us that not long ago two wagons full of arms presented themselves at Herr Pantenburg's door to invite the people to rise, but the people would not. He said he thought that if they had done so they would have obtained plenty of money. In the midst of a beautiful forest our guide left us, having pointed out the way, and we soon emerged from the wood, and walking through the villages of Grosslitgen and Minderlitgen, we came down by a winding

FIG. 18.—BERNCASTEL, 1851.

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road into the plain in which Wittlich is situated, leaving behind us the round isolated hills of the Eifel, and having in view before us the long range of the high banks of the Moselle. Wittlich is the largest place we have visited since we left Malmedy. It is a picturesque and dirty town, but presents little to interest the traveller. [A view of the Wolf Inn, where the party stayed, is given in Fig. 17.]

The next morning we again loaded ourselves with our packs and set forth southwards. We followed the course of the Leiser until it reaches the Moselle, two or three miles above Berncastel. The Moselle is here confined between sloping banks covered with vineyards. We followed the road along the left bank until opposite Berncastel, a picturesque row of houses, with a brown church-tower in the middle, and, of course, a ruined castle on the height [Fig. 18]. From this point to Trabach the river makes a bend of fifteen miles, but a steep path across a narrow neck of land conducted us there by a short-cut of three miles. On the way we were joined by a quaint little German [Fig. 16], who was on his way to London to see the Exhibition.[1] Trabach being a most filthy town, though highly picturesque, we preferred putting up at Traben, on the left side of the river.

[*Sept. 9th.*]—We followed the river as far as Reil, and a little beyond struck up a very steep path through the vineyards, and crossed the

[1] The Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park.

narrow neck of land to Alf. Here we left our packs and returned to a point of view called the Prinzen Köpfchen, near the castle, or rather the fortified nunnery, of Marienburg, whence a fine view of the whole bend of the river is obtained. Returning to Alf, we took our *butterbrod* and half-bottle of Moselle wine, and then, crossing the ferry, pursued our way through a beautiful wooded valley to Senheim. At Senholtz, on the opposite bank of the river, we had intended to sleep, but as we had still several hours of daylight, we determined to push on to Beilstein. Arriving at Beilstein, we found it more picturesque and dirty than usual, but there was no appearance of an inn. So we pushed on again to Ellenz, a little village on the left bank, and were there pointed out a little den of dirt, which they told us was the *gasthof*. This rather disconcerted us, and we determined to march on for two *stunden* (two hours' walk) to Cochem. We were rather tired, but the walk turned out to be agreeable enough, as the river improved here in beauty. We reached the place in a brilliant moonlight. This is the most beautiful spot on the Moselle that we have seen yet. There is a great sameness in the scenery of this river. The high, sloping banks are generally covered with vineyards from top to bottom, and the towns are generally situated on a little ledge close to the river. Imagine a row or two of highly picturesque old houses, with a pyramidal church-tower, a few filthy narrow

FIG. 19.— COCHEM, 1851.

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streets, and an archway leading out to the ferry across the river, then place a tower and a few ragged walls upon an eminence overlooking the houses, and you have a fair idea of the towns on the Moselle.

[*Sept.* 10*th.*]—To-day, having paused for a while to sketch the town and castle of Cochem [Fig. 19], we followed the course of the river, which still bears the same character as heretofore, to Carden, a small town on the left bank below Treis. Leaving our humps at the little inn at Treis, we walked up a stony path and through a wood on to a very pretty valley, in which is situated the romantic castle of Elz, which is still in a great measure in its original state. After wandering round and round the castle and fording and crossing a stream two or three times, we found the path, which ascended, and made our way under an old bridge, and then over it, and through a dark archway or two, into a strange little courtyard surrounded by high buildings and turrets. As soon as we entered it, two or three large dogs rushed forth and commenced barking furiously at us. As they presented a formidable front, we hesitated to advance, but after a time, plucking up courage, we advanced towards the door, and my trusty 'Schlappie'[1] managed to keep the

[1] *Schlappie* was a walking-stick embellished with a grotesque head, with a sad expression and a crooked nose, which Mr. Roget had bought in July 1844 at Unterseen, near Thoune. This was named after a guide whom the party employed about that time. The stick was a great favourite and still survives, although now known by another name.

dogs at bay until the portal was opened by a fat, surly-looking man, who pointed out another door by which we were to enter to see the apartments. Here a sour little woman showed us through two or three ordinary looking rooms, with a little bit of tapestry and two or three suits of rusty armour, and then turned us out again amongst the dogs; but being now accustomed to their barking, I brandished Schlappie, and they turned tail. We retraced our steps with some difficulty, in consequence of the darkness, but finally with success. Here (Carden) we have met with the first Englishman we have seen since leaving Brussels.

[*Sept.* 11*th.*]—To-day we were obliged to make another forced march. After breakfast we set off along the left bank of the river, and passing Müden and Moselkern, crossed the ferry at Brodenbach and, leaving our humps at the *gasthaus*, walked up a valley to the castle of Ehrenbach, a picturesque ruin. Taking our midday *butterbrod*, we again set for that a good brisk pace along the right bank, hoping to reach Cobern in time for the steamer to Coblenz. There is a curious old round chapel on a height above Cobern, said to have been built by the Crusaders in the thirteenth century. We made an excursion up the hill to see this, and enjoyed a beautiful prospect therefrom, with the additional pleasure of seeing our steamer quietly sailing down the stream with its stern pointed towards Cobern. There was nothing for it but to walk on. So we crossed the

ferry once more and followed the right bank of the river. The hills gradually become lower and the scenery less romantic at this part of the Moselle. At length our road turned off to the right, and passing through a dirty village in the dark, among harnessed oxen and bad smells and barking dogs, we emerged upon a broad road between rows of trees, and after a somewhat dreary walk we came upon a public garden outside the walls of Coblentz, just as the moon rose on our right. Passing the drawbridge and great gate of the town, we entered a large open *platz* planted with trees, and asking our way to the Hôtel Belle Vue, a gentleman very kindly accompanied us there through some rather fine streets. We entered the hall amongst bowing *kellners* and clean napkins, dusty, rough-looking travellers as we were, and were lighted by *bougies* up an interminable staircase into clean bedrooms overlooking the Rhine, where we soon were relieved of our humps, and made ourselves look as respectable as we could before appearing in the *salle à manger*. It seems quite new to us to wander about in shirts and collars among ladies and gentlemen. I scarcely know how to behave myself. There is a degree of comfort about it, nevertheless. Had we arrived here by daylight we should probably have put up at some modest little pothouse instead of this grand hotel. Having now accomplished the first part of our journey, we are giving ourselves half a day's rest to look back upon the pleasant time we have spent, to

calculate our past expenses, and to lay our plans for the future. We have hitherto lived at the average rate of between six and seven shillings a day."

On the following day the trio walked on, in the afternoon, up the Rhine to Braubach, where they put up at an old inn which had formerly been a *château*, and inspected the castle of Marksburg, then "inhabited by a garrison of Nassau troops." The next resting-place was Mayence, which was reached by steamer.

"After attending mass at Mayence (I have not become a Catholic), and walking about the town for a little, looking at Thorwaldsen's statue of Gutenberg and at the Prussian and Austrian soldiers [1] strolling about the streets (there is always a regiment of each army at Mayence [see Fig. 20], and of course great rivalry is displayed between them), we walked across the bridge and took our railway tickets for Frankfurt. There being four classes on this railway, we chose the third, but found it rather too respectable, not to say aristocratic, the seats being cushioned and the company

[1] Mayence had been French for various periods in its history. It was restored to Germany in 1814, and from 1816 formed part of the dominions of the Grand Dukes of Hesse, but being a fortress of the German Confederation, was garrisoned by Prussian and Austrian troops. It is strange to think that, seventy years later, it should again be occupied by the French, and that Coblenz should be in the hands of American troops.

of a high order. At Frankfurt, leaving our knapsacks at the railway station, we took a walk round the town. I was a little surprised at seeing nearly all the shops closed.[1] Frankfurt contains a fine street and some handsome buildings. The older part of the city, however, is dirty and wretched enough. One street is particularly interesting, as being inhabited entirely by Jews, of whom there are great numbers in Frankfurt. The more wealthy now live in other parts of the city, but formerly all the Israelites were confined to that one quarter, and were subject to several strict and tyrannical laws. It is curious to see the walls hung with advertisements in Hebrew. Returning to the railway, we again set off for Heidelberg by the third class. (On this line the fourth class provides no seats.)"

There is no need to dwell upon the brief sojourn at Heidelberg, the beauties of which have already been referred to in these pages. From Heidelberg the train was taken to Mannheim, whence the steamer took the travellers via Bingen to Brohl, a little village on the left bank of the Rhine, a few miles below Andernach. From Bingen, "the cabin of the steamer was filled with Nassau soldiers, apparently going home on leave, fine, active-looking fellows some of them, and more like English soldiers than any I have seen." Part of the next day was spent in exploring the valley

[1] The day was Sunday.

of Brohl, including the "singular lake of Laach. It is nearly circular, and the sloping sides, covered with fine trees, have a pleasing effect; but the most interesting object is the old Benedictine convent. The valley contains some curious quarries in the form of caves." After this diversion, the steamer was resumed to Remagen in order to explore another side valley, that of the Ahr. Most of the next day was accordingly spent in walking along by the windings of that river to Altenahr. "We have seen nothing," the account continues, "to be compared with the romantic situation of Altenahr. Lying in a deep hollow amidst precipitous walls of basaltic rock, a castle perched on one of them, and vineyards or rich foliage covering the sides of others, it presents a scene of surprising beauty.

A long procession of pilgrims from the neighbourhood of Bonn has just passed through the town on their way to Trèves.[1] They were headed by a boy with a scarlet banner surmounted by a cross. He was followed by two long rows of women with white napkins over their heads, and either rosaries or hymn-books in their hands. Two rows of men in blouses succeeded, some with books and others with umbrellas, and two wagons with white covers containing baskets, probably of provisions."

[1] The famous relic, the "Holy Coat of Trèves," appears to have been exhibited at intervals of seven years. It is recorded that at the previous exhibition, in 1844, it attracted more than a million pilgrims.

The return to Remagen was made on foot, where the steamer was boarded from an open boat (in the rain). "There appears to be," he writes, "a stream of Englishmen setting towards home. The steamer to-day contained a great many passengers, evidently on their return from Switzerland, as one could see by their alpenstocks and boxes of *châlets*, which they were bearing along in triumph." After a brief halt at Bonn, the train was taken on to Cologne, where the following report is made of the cathedral: "The works have been steadily proceeding since we saw it (in 1844), but there is still to be completed about one-third in height of the nave and transept, two-thirds of one tower, and I think the whole of the other."

"On Tuesday, rising before daylight, we embarked by railway for Malines, where we arrived by a very long train at about four o'clock; being near the end of the train, we were shaken a good deal and nearly smothered with dust. The reason of so great a number of travellers is the fêtes which were being celebrated at all the Belgian towns in honour of the Revolution.[1] We had our knapsacks slightly examined at Verviers, but our passports were not demanded." On the following day the railway journey was continued to Ostend, with halts of a few hours at Ghent and Bruges.

[1] The Revolution of 1830–1, when Belgium broke away from Holland, to which she had been united since 1815 as the *Kingdom of the Netherlands*, and became a separate kingdom under Leopold I.

"At Ostend we walked straight on board the steamer, the *Panther*, a very good boat, in which the passengers were fast assembling. The evening was foggy and the decks quite wet, so we were all huddled together in the cabin until such time as shelves and mattresses could be arranged for our accommodation. We may consider ourselves lucky in being permitted to stow ourselves away along a high ledge in the stern of the ship, whence we had a bird's-eye view of the floor covered with mattresses, and with booted and mustachioed foreigners snoring under tables and chairs in uncomfortable attitudes. At two we started, and in my dreams I heard many footsteps and voices, and knockings and creakings above my head, but after a time I slept soundly, and did not turn out till we were off Margate. We had a beautiful passage, the sea like a mill-pond, and it entered not into the stomach of man, or even of woman, to be sick. The noises I heard overhead have been since explained. The weather being very thick, the *Triton*, a steamer belonging to the same company as ours, had run into the pier and stove in two planks, and we were making exertions to tow her off without success. Our tow-rope broke and we left her to her fate. We sailed up the Thames without adventure, excepting a good substantial breakfast, until off Blackwall. There something wrong happened to the engine, which delayed us again. However, it was soon mended, and we arrived at St. Catherine's Wharf about

one o'clock. Here our luggage was examined, and as we had only one pack apiece we were taken in the first batch and let off easily, though I cannot say much in favour of the arrangements for the comfort of travellers generally. After having been kept waiting for a long time, standing in a species of dog-holes, they are scarcely treated with civility by the officials, and are then charged sixpence for every package they possess. We walked to London Bridge, and then, after a lift in an omnibus, walked to our respective homes."[1]

[1] It is perhaps interesting to note that the expenses for the whole twenty-five days amounted only to £11 13s. 2d. for each of the three members of the party.

CHAPTER X

1855 :
PARIS DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR, AND A TRIP TO HOLLAND

WE will pause next for a glance at Paris in 1855, when Mr. J. L. Roget made a short trip in France and Holland. He was accompanied on this occasion by his uncle, Mr. Samuel Hobson, whose travels in America as a young man have already been referred to. The crossing was made from Southampton to Havre, and does not call for remark except to note that passports were taken away on landing and had to be called for afterwards at the Hôtel de Ville.

The following may be quoted from the notes on the stay in Paris :—

" On the evening of the day on which the news arrived of the capture of the Malakoff,[1] illumina-

[1] The taking of the Malakoff, which was a great stone tower, forming an important part of the defences of Sevastopol, was the culminating point of the siege of Sevastopol, and formed the turning-point of the Crimean War.

tions of public buildings were extemporized. At half-past ten two men proceeded along the railings of the Tuileries Gardens, one with saucers full of grease surrounding a wick and the other with a lighted torch. The grease pots were quickly deposited at equal intervals, and the torch applied to the wicks, and a brilliant illumination was produced in an incredibly short time. Two nights after the principal buildings and the town generally were regularly illuminated—the former chiefly with rows of lamps running along the cornices, the latter with coloured-paper lanterns, but I did not see any devices such as we are accustomed to in London.

The Emperor [1] going to Notre Dame to return thanks for the victory afforded us a good opportunity of seeing some of the principal regiments of the Army. The National Guards, blue with white facings, were drawn up on one side of the Rue de Rivoli, and the Voltigeurs,[2] Sapeurs-pompiers and a line regiment on the other side. The troops accompanying the Emperor consisted of the Guides, Cent Gardes and Cuirassiers. The Rue de Rivoli was hung from one end to the other with flags of France and England, upon which the hot sun shone very brilliantly, but the colours of Turkey seemed almost entirely forgotten.

The line regiments have recently adopted a new mode of packing their greatcoats. Instead of placing them at the top of the knapsack only,

[1] Napoleon III. [2] Light infantry.

as our troops and as the National Guard do, they fasten them round the sides also. The knapsacks are covered with cowhide with the hairs remaining. This morning (17th Sept.) we saw 2,000 of them going off for the Crimea. They seemed active men in fine health. They carried a short Roman sword besides their bayonets."

Some of the uniforms here mentioned are shown in the scraps from Mr. Roget's sketchbook reproduced in Fig. 21.

It is not proposed to quote more than a few paragraphs of the notes regarding the amusements in and excursions from Paris. The following is a description of a fête at St. Cloud:—

"The park open to the public—a long avenue lined with stalls, for sale of all sorts of ornament, etc., merry-go-rounds, *jeux de bague*, theatres, etc., *tirs aux pistolets* in great profusion, cafés, etc.—a Greenwich fair of a higher class and on a much larger scale. Went into a theatre for four sous: ballet-dancers on the outside, like Richardson's; within, *poses plastiques* of sacred subjects—Christ bearing the cross, the crucifixion, the entombment. As this was the last tableau, our Saviour suddenly stood up and made his bow to the company. The performance closed with a dwarf, who informed us of his age, height, etc., and *chasséed* away in a comic style. The *Grands Eaux*, which

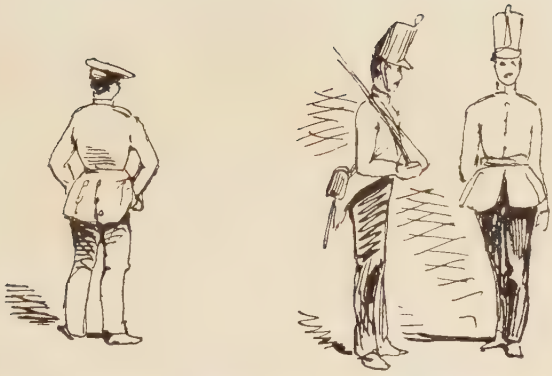

FIG. 20.—PRUSSIAN AND AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS, MAYENCE, 1851.

FIG. 21.—FRENCH SOLDIERS, 1855.

FIG. 22.—DUTCH CUSTOMS OFFICER.

FIG. 23.—SCHEVENINGEN FISHWOMEN, 1855.

To face p. 230.

played, are a very poor affair, merely some water pouring down steps, with a few insignificant jets below. There is said to be one high jet, but that did not play."

The next extract refers to the return journey from a visit to Fontainebleau :—

"The management of our return was not very efficient. The waiting-rooms were not opened, and all the passengers were crowded together in a passage outside until the time of departure arrived, and then the train was found not to be large enough, and many excursionists were left on the platform. The behaviour of the people was strikingly different from what would have been the case in England. An English mob would have begun by a great deal of good-humoured noisy chaff, and when tired of that amusement would perhaps have burst open the door. The French, on the contrary, bore the infliction for some time with patience, but at length stamped with their feet and sticks in polka time, and expressed themselves in deep murmurs to one another individually. What would have been the next stage I do not know. Those left on the platform were noisy enough in their reproaches to the officials."

We will not follow in detail the journey by train from Paris to Amiens and on into Belgium,

stopping once more at Antwerp. The continuation of the tour was as follows :—

"26*th Sept.*—Antwerp to Rotterdam by steamer, as more agreeable than railway. Set off at 10.30 a.m., arrived 11.10 p.m. A very long passage, occasioned by long delay while aground near Bergen-op-Zoom, and subsequent opposition of tide. Besides captain and steward, there was a person apparently leading an easy life, whose whole duty appeared to be to take the money. Luggage examined (not severely) by a fat customs official who boarded us at the frontier (Fig. 22). The Dutch sailors and others do their work more quietly than the English. There is not the bawling and noise we are accustomed to in our seaports."

A considerable portion of the journal from which we are quoting is devoted to notes on the museums and picture galleries, especially at The Hague, which was the next place visited, and where Mr. Roget's artistic nature revelled in the collections. Referring to an excursion to Scheveningen, which is described as "a clean fishing-village" (Fig. 23), Mr. Roget writes: "The Dutch fishing-boats go from here over to the Scotch coasts for herrings, of which there are none on the coast of Holland," and he adds a note: "This does not seem to have been always the case. See Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, where Sir Politic Would-be

devises a scheme for supplying Venice with Rotterdam herrings."

The following extract refers to Haarlem :—

"On one side of the town is a very beautiful wood, laid out with amazing skill and taste. It is more varied than the Bosch at The Hague, and contains fine timber. Hither all the gentry of Haarlem repair in the afternoon to listen to a military band. . . . The ladies and gentlemen who were grouped about the tables had a very prosperous appearance. All the Dutch ladies I have seen are dressed in excellent taste, quiet and unassuming, but studiously neat and the colours in good harmony. The men, however, on this occasion seemed partial to white waistcoats and black trousers. Around the enclosure were a great many neat and clean and smiling nursery-maids with spherical children.

We saw several cases of pincushion tops, both pink and white, at the sides of doors, announcing births (see W. Erle's *Pipe of Dutch Kanaster*). These are presented by the husband. They are not to be bought, but are worked by the sisters, etc. The custom seems to be peculiar to Haarlem. At Amsterdam the husband presents a pincushion with pins marking the names of the mother and the child. Each place has some different custom. In some a long piece of black cloth announces a death."

From Amsterdam several excursions were made, and the following picturesque impression gives a good idea of the Holland of those days :—

"Starting at seven, we crossed the steam ferry (a broad stage) to the entrance of the great North Holland ship canal, along which a *treikshult* (larger than usual, with a platform and seats on the top) carried us a short distance to a village, where we hired an open carriage with two good horses (apparently rare in Holland), harnessed with rope and guided by rope reins, which took us along dykes and by windmills, charming little farms and cottages, each on a little green square island, to Purmerend. Very many of the farmhouses have large pyramidal high tiled roofs. These contain the hay, which must form a very warm covering in winter. Some have haystacks outside with round tops, the straw thatch being held on by bricks suspended all round.

At Purmerend the market was being held, and presented the most extraordinary scene imaginable. The costumes of North Holland were seen in perfection. Very fine and pretty women, with beautiful clear complexions and blue eyes (Fig. 24). The caps and quaint silver head-dresses conceal the whole of their hair, but they wear an ugly bunch of black curls on each temple. Little girls wear the same dress as middle-aged and old women. The carts are painted and carved in all manner of quaint ways. Those with the horn in front

by which the driver steers with his foot have generally a little waving border carved along the top of each side, frequently terminating in a wide snake's head. But the carving on the backboard is the most elaborate—scrollwork and flowers, little cupids, trees and pictures, bright coloured, with frequently a copy of verses and the name of the owner. Some of the dates were as old as 1831 or 1832, but the carts looked quite fresh and bright. One of these inscriptions is given below :—

Treedt op en onbevreest,
En blij van geest,
  Op dezen wagen,
De voerman zal,
En God ! vooral,
  Wel zorge dragen. (1840)

(*Translation.*)

Jump up, ne'er fear ;
Be of good cheer ;
  Upon this cart pray go ;
The driver he shall,
And God ! above all,
  Take very good care of you.

From Purmerend the carriage took us by Monnikendam, a pattern of cleanliness, to Broek. Both these places strike a stranger by reason of the absence of people in the streets, giving a strange deserted appearance. At Broek we saw a dairy farm. The cows were not housed at this time of the year, but their stalls were filled with quaint

crockery and rude pictures. The living-rooms of the house contained a large collection of such ornaments and some very handsome high walnut cabinets, beautifully polished. These appear to be not uncommon. A little boy was playing about in his stockings, the *sabots* being left outside the door, as usual. In the dairy was a curious churn, worked by a dog running in the interior of a cylinder.

On our way back we saw the interior of a draining mill. The machinery is as simple as possible, the water being pumped by an Archimedean screw and prevented from returning by a wooden door. The miller and his family live in a neat little room adjoining the screw."

Amongst other places visited was Alkmaar. It is perhaps of interest to give the following description of the cheese market there (Fig. 25):—

"The cheese market (said to be the largest in Europe), held on Friday mornings, is a very pretty and curious sight. Many of the cheeses arrive the evening before and are stacked in the open market-place in rows of rectangles of two layers, the lower ones being separated from the pavement by a cloth and the whole covered by a beautiful, clean white sheet, and a piece of sail-cloth or tarpaulin above it, which is tied down with wisps of straw. On Friday morning about nine o'clock the stacking may be observed to be proceeding

FIG. 24.—DUTCH WOMEN AT PURMEREND, 1855.

FIG. 25.—CHEESE MARKET, ALKMAAR, 1855.

To face p. 296.

with alacrity, and arrivals of funny painted carts, full of broad-breeched farmers and pretty smiling women with their gold headpieces, take place. The canal, which bounds the front of the market-place, is crowded with barges, and groups of solid Dutchmen, each with his pipe (a short one with painted German bowl generally), assemble and chat together with their hands in their pockets. Soon, the owners of the cheeses begin to roll back the coverings of the stacks and display long lines of beautiful clean lemon-coloured globes like shaddocks, eyeing them with a critical expression of countenance. The business then commences, and purchasers, with notebooks and pencils, may be seen feeling the cheeses and making inquiries concerning them. These persons may easily be distinguished, if only by their dress being in no way peculiar. They generally wear an English-looking cap or round hat and ordinary morning coats, which would pass well in London. When a bargain is concluded, the same is signified by vendor and purchaser clapping their hands together (sometimes more than once in succession), and the effect of these clappings of hands when the business is brisk is very curious. Soon after ten, vast numbers of porters (some fine tall men), all dressed in large white trousers and shoes, short sleeves and straw hats of various colours, begin their work, trotting backwards and forwards with wooden litters, upon which the cheeses are all carried to the market-house to be weighed in large pairs

of scales, and then to the quays by the side of the barges for exportation. They are sometimes rolled one by one after examination into these barges by wooden pipes, or rather troughs, but sometimes they are thrown in from hand to hand. In unloading and loading these carts and litters, these games of catch have a very pretty effect, two cheeses being generally thrown.

The market-house (dated 1582), a very picturesque building with a tall Dutch spire and brick sides, picked out with white stone, was originally a church. The costume of the farmers at the market was chiefly a short jacket with two buttons behind. Trousers either of dark cloth or black velveteen. Boots or shoes sometimes buckled, or *sabots*. Dark waistcoats, buttoned high. A cap of brown, long-napped plush or velveteen, with a peak, on their heads and a woollen shawl round their necks. . . .

Our hotel at Alkmaar was rather a curious place. Large rooms with great beams in the ceilings. The *salon* had an inner room, where we dined, with beds in cupboards and handsome walnut cabinets like those we saw at Broek. One piece of furniture, which had the appearance of a chest of drawers, opened into the kitchen and vomited up our dinners. . . .

Between Haarlem and Rotterdam we took the third class. Our carriage was filled with noisy

sailors, chiefly Dutch. One of them chaffed an English lad, saying 'English run away at Sebastopol.' "

The remainder of the tour does not call for remark.

CHAPTER XI

1872 : FRANCE AFTER THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

IN the interval since the last journeyings that we followed, Dr. P. M. Roget, the little boy of our earlier chapters, had died at the ripe age of ninety (in 1869), and Mr. J. L. Roget[1] had himself married, in 1865, Miss Frances Ditchfield. Of the somewhat extended tour that he made to Italy and elsewhere after his marriage we have no account to offer, and our next pause is for a glimpse of France after the Franco-Prussian War, from some notes relating to a short tour, in the course of which he again passed through France, Belgium and Holland in 1872. These reflect post-war conditions of very much less

[1] An account of Mr. J. L. Roget's life and artistic and other work is published in the *Proceedings of the Huguenot Society of London*, vol. ix., No. 3, and examples of his water-colour sketches are reproduced in a little book by the present editor entitled *Sketches of Deal, Walmer and Sandwich*. His best known literary work is the two-volume history of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, to which reference has already been made.

severity than those unfortunately now prevailing in France, but are not without interest.

As on previous occasions to which we have referred, the crossing was again made to Antwerp, where the traveller records : " Great improvements in the last few years, by raising fortifications, filling moats, and making new quarters to the city." Little did he think then that Antwerp would be overrun by temporarily triumphant Germans in less than fifty years.

There is little to dwell upon in connection with the various towns visited in Belgium. The first reference to results of the war is met with at Mézières :—

" *Mézières.*—Detained here two and a half hours by error in Belgian train book. Walked about clean town. Houses seemed newly built. Saw no trace of the war except a chip over the church door and the presence of Prussian soldiers, one of whom walks constantly up and down the railway platform with his rifle, etc."

Reference is again made in the journal to German soldiers being seen in Rethel, and passing on, we find a few words devoted to Rheims which are worth quoting, when we think of the fate of the town and its cathedral at the hands of the ruthless enemy of France some forty years later.

" *Rheims Cathedral.*—Exterior very rich, but in a false style of decoration, with figures and

animals stuck all over it and not kept subordinate to the construction. The towers light and beautiful and the interior of fine proportions and solemn effect, with completeness and unity. . . . German troops here in plenty. . . . The sentries loaf about in a very different way from ours and hold their rifles anyhow, generally pointed at one's stomach."

At Soissons it is briefly reported: "No German troops here"; and among a few remarks on the scenery beheld from the train on the way to Paris we find: "Le Bourget Drancy, a large plain bearing traces of the war in ruined houses." The most interesting reflection of the conditions is in the following impressions of Paris:—

"*Paris.*—Walked out and saw stump (merely the base) of the Vendôme Column, the ruins of the Ministère des Finances and the Tuileries. Both are complete nothings, but a part of the walls is standing. From the Tuileries Gardens you can see through to the horses on the arch in the Place du Carrousel. The public are allowed to walk through what were the private gardens and up to the wall of the palace, upon which is inscribed 'Propriété Nationale,' 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.' The arcades of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix are chipped and knocked about, but are patched in many places where there have been shot marks. The shops in the Rue

de Rivoli contain illustrations, photographs and otherwise, of the events of the war and the Communist insurrection, without reserve. Ecosura's picture of the Rue de Rivoli and the burning Louvre is photographed, and there are toy figures representing a Prussian soldier laden with plunder, including clock and basket of champagne. Photographic cartes of the ex-Emperor of the French and family, Favre, Gambetta, the Emperor of Germany, etc., side by side with French actresses in the least possible amount of raiment. The trees in Tuileries Gardens still bear marks of ill-usage, great burns on their bark; but many gaps have been filled up with young trees, so that the thickness of the trunks varies very much."

It is rather interesting to compare the monetary conditions prevailing in Paris after the two wars. In 1872, when the above notes were made, Mr. Roget records the changing of circular notes for £20 into 505.50 francs, a rate of 25.27 francs to the pound, which is a very different matter from the figure of over 60 attained in 1920.

Mr. Roget visited the nearer parts of the Continent many times more before his death in 1908, as is testified by the large number of water-colour sketches which it was his delight to make, but we have no written account to offer of these little tours.

POSTSCRIPT

THESE examples of the journeyings of bygone generations of one family, commonplace and unexciting as some of them may be, bring home to us the magnitude of the changes that have taken place in methods of locomotion during the last hundred and fifty years; a period which has seen greater changes in this respect than has any other hundred and fifty years in history, and has terminated in an outlook which indicates that the future will bring innovations of even more far-reaching effect, when the air becomes as much the highway as the land and the sea, both for long and for short journeys.

In these pages we have followed our travellers over the land on foot, on horseback, in carriages and coaches of various sorts, in railway trains as well as on the sea in sailing-boats and steamers, but we must leave the chronicling of journeys back on the road again in motor-cars and by the latest and fastest means of travel, by the air, to others.

At the beginning of the period that we have dealt with, the somewhat primitive coaches and carriages of the day, in which springs even were

regarded with suspicion as a new-fangled idea, were hauled by long-suffering horses along roads hardly worthy of the name, and goods, when not carried by the pack-horse, made slow progress in the lumbering wagon. Soon, however, the pioneers of road construction improved the surfaces to be travelled on and the speed and comfort of the coach increased. By this time the roadmaker's brother-engineers had found and were developing another source of motive power than the horse, and the steam engine, first designed for stationary purposes, had already been applied to the propulsion of boats and had given men a new weapon to fight the angry moods of wind and wave.

The first attempt to apply the new power to road traction did not lead to permanent success. The steam coach, like all novelties, was laughed at, mistrusted and opposed, and being before its time was not given a fair chance. Steam, however, soon took its revenge in another way, and railways developed, and these ultimately almost completely destroyed the coach industry, which perhaps might have been continued on the roads in another form. For many years, the railway was the undisputed holder of the field, till new attempts were made to apply mechanical traction to road transport as a consequence of the advent of the light internal-combustion engine or petrol motor. History repeated itself, but this time the opposition to the novelty was

not so successful. The Government was persuaded grudgingly to permit of the red flag being abolished, and a little band of pioneers braved the laughter and prejudice of the thoughtless with such success that people soon began to shake their wise heads and ask each other whether the "motor-car had come to stay." The progress made since those days is too obvious to need comment. With the advent of the motor-bus, the motor-lorry and the motor-coach, it is common to speak of passenger and goods traffic coming back to the roads, and some wiseacres assure us that the railways are doomed and that soon their tracks will be torn up and laid with concrete. Time will, however, show that there is ample room for both.

The railway itself is seeing changes too. Electricity is fast being adopted in place of separate steam locomotives, particularly in countries where water power is more abundant than burnable fuel, and in urban and other conditions where the advantages of cleanliness and centralization of power are particularly felt, and heavy traffic calls for rapid acceleration.

The changes have been no less revolutionary on the sea. The large turbine-driven steamer which to-day takes us in all weathers in an hour from Dover to Calais is as different from the uncertain little sailing-packet which, after being delayed a day by contrary winds, once took fifteen hours to cross (and whose passengers had to

wait a further four hours for the gates of Calais to open), as the *train de luxe* is from the ancient *diligence*. Perhaps before long it, too, will have to take a second place, while fast electric trains hurry their loads of passengers through a Channel tunnel. On the water, too, steam no longer holds undisputed sway. The internal-combustion engine is doing for small craft what it did for the road vehicle, and, as on land, it holds the record for the highest speeds. The big, heavy oil engine is also finding increasing application for larger ships. Electricity, too, has had its influence. It rendered travel under the sea in the insidious submarine possible, and on a large scale is being applied to obtain improved efficiency of transmission and control of the largest vessels, particularly in the American Navy.

It is, however, in the third element, the air, that the progress has been most remarkable and in which the most revolutionary changes of the future are to be expected. It is barely twelve years ago that Blériot, after waiting days for weather, got across the Channel and crashed in a field at Dover (on July 25, 1909), and now daily aerial passenger and mail services run between London and Paris and other continental towns. The Atlantic has been crossed by aeroplane and airship, four adventurous spirits have travelled from England to Australia by aeroplane, and if the results of the technical developments due to the stimulus of the war had not been counter-

balanced by the economic depression which that calamity produced, the leviathans of the air would even now be competing with the floating palaces of the ocean in transporting their loads of passengers to far-off lands.

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